THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D: 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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AUTHOR OF THE VIRGINIAN

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DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

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LADY BALTIMORE

By OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

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I—A WORD ABOUT MY AUNT

IT IS like Adam, our first conspicuous ancestor, that I must begin, and lay the blame upon a woman; several women, were the more precise truth; but they may be capably and collectively represented by the one, by my Aunt, who, indeed, was their president at the time. For the folly which I shall forthwith confess to you, my Aunt Carola must be held responsible: save to please her, I had never committed it. I rejoice now that I did so, that I yielded to the temptation of my relative. Ours is a wide country, and most of us know but our own corner of it; thanks to the temptation, I have been able to add another corner. It is one of the many things that I owe to Aunt Carola; she is the preface of what is to come, and it would be unfitting did I pass her by without any mention; because, after all, though she did not go there with me, and consequently saw nothing of it, and did not know either the boy or the girl (it, however, turned out, when I came back and told her their names, that she knew quite well who he was, had, in fact, during her own girlhood, long before the war, known and visited one of his grandmothers, both in Kings Port and at the family plantation)—I say, after all, my going to Kings Port was her doing altogether.

Some other day, perhaps, I will try to tell you much more than I can tell you here about Aunt Carola and her Colonial Society. This caused my folly, the Colonial Society; this was the apple which Eve, in the form of my Aunt, held out to me; and never had I expected to feel rise in me the appetite for this particular fruit. I had known such hunger to exist in others; once a worthy dame of my town, at whose dinner-table fashionable young men and maidens sit constantly, asked me with much sentiment if I was aware that she was descended from Boadicea. Why had she never (I asked her) revealed this to me before? And upon her telling me that she had learned it only that very day, I exclaimed that it was a great distance to have descended so suddenly. To this she assented readily, adding that she had the good news from the office of the American Almanach de Gotha, Wall Street, New York; and she recommended that publication to me. There was but a slight fee to pay, a matter of fifty dollars, and for this trifling sum you were furnished with your rightful coat-of-arms and with papers clearly tracing your family to the Druids, the Vestal Virgins, and all the best people in the world. Thereupon I felicitated the Boadicea lady upon the illustrious progenitrix with whom the Almanach had provided her for so small a consideration, and observed that for myself I supposed I should continue to rest content with the thought that in our enlightened Republic every American was himself a glorious sovereign. But that (said the lady) is so different from Boadicea! And to this I perfectly agreed. Later I had the pleasure to hear in a roundabout way that she had pronounced me one of the most agreeable young men in society, though sophisticated. I have not cherished this against her; my gift of humor puzzles many who can see only my refinement and my scrupulous attention to dress.

Kings Port the Retrospective

Yes, indeed, I counted myself proof against all Boadiceas. But you have noticed—have you not?—how, whenever a few people gather together and style themselves something, and choose a president, and eight or nine vice-presidents, and a secretary and a treasurer, and a committee on elections, and then let it be known that almost nobody else is qualified to belong to it, that there springs up immediately in hundreds and thousands of breasts a fiery craving to get into that body? You may try this experiment in science, law, medicine, art, letters, society, farming, I care not what, but you will set the same craving afire in doctors, academicians and dog breeders all over the earth. Thus when my Aunt—the president, herself, mind you!—said to me one day that she thought, if I proved my qualifications, my name might be favorably considered by the Selected Salic Scions—I say no more; I blush, though you cannot see me; when I am tempted, I seem to be human, after all. At first, to be sure, I met Aunt Carola's suggestion in the way that I am too ready to meet many of her remarks; for you must know she once, with sincere simplicity and good-will, told my Uncle Andrew (her husband; she is only my Aunt by marriage) that she had married beneath her; and she seemed unprepared for his reception of this candid statement: Uncle Andrew was unaffectedly merry over it. Ever since then all of us wait hopefully every day for what she may do or say next.

She is from old New York, oldest New York; the family manor is still habitable, near Cold Spring; she was, in her youth, handsome, I am assured by those whose word I have always trusted; her appearance even to-day causes people to turn and look; she is not tall in feet and inches—I have to stoop considerably when she commands from me

the familiarity of a kiss; but in the quality which we call force, in moral stature, she must be full eight feet high. When rebuking me she can pronounce a single word, my name, "Augustus!" in a tone that renders further remark needless; and you should see her eye when she says of certain newcomers in our society, "I don't know them." She can make her courtesy as appalling as a natural law; she knows also how to "take umbrage," which is something that I never knew any one else to take outside of a book; she is a highly pronounced Christian, holding all Unitarians wicked and all Methodists vulgar; and once, when she was talking (as she does frequently) about King James and the English religion and the English Bible, and I reminded her that the Jews wrote it, she said with displeasure that she made no doubt King James had—"well, seen to it that all foreign matter was expunged"—I give you her own words. Unless you have moved in our best American society (and by this I do not at all mean the lower classes with dollars and no grandfathers, who live in palaces at Newport, and look forward to everything and back to nothing, but those Americans with grandfathers and no dollars, who live in boarding-houses, and look forward to nothing and back to everything)—unless you have known this haughty and improving *milieu*, you have never seen anything like my Aunt Carola. Of course, with Uncle Andrew's money, she does not live in a boarding-house; and I shall finish this brief attempt to place her before you by adding that she can be very kind, very loyal, very public-spirited, and that I am truly attached to her.

"Upon your mother's side of the family," she said, "of course."

"Me!" I did not have to feign amazement. My Aunt was silent.

"Me descended from a king?"

My Aunt nodded with an indulgent stateliness. "There seems to be the possibility of it."

"Royal blood in my veins, Aunt?"

"I have said so, Augustus. Why make me repeat it?"

It was now, I fear, that I met Aunt Carola in that unfitting spirit, that volatile mood, which, as I have said already, her remarks often rouse in me.

"And from what sovereign may I hope that I——?"

"If you will consult a recent admirable compilation, entitled The American Almanach de Gotha, you will find that Henry the Seventh——"

"Aunt, I am so much relieved! For I think that I might have hesitated to trace it back had you said—well—Charles the Second, for example, or Elizabeth."

At this point I should have been wise to notice my Aunt's eye; but I did not, and I continued imprudently:

"Though why hesitate? I have never heard that there was anybody present to marry Adam and Eve, and so why should we all make such a to-do about——"

"Augustus!"

She uttered my name in that quiet but prodigious tone to which I have alluded above.

It was I who was now silent.

"Augustus, if you purpose trifling you may leave the room."

"Oh, Aunt, I beg your pardon. I never meant——"

"I cannot understand what impels you to adopt such a manner to me, when I am trying to do something for you."

I hastened to strengthen my apologies with a manner becoming the possible descendant of a king toward a lady of distinction, and my Aunt was pleased to pass over my recent lapse from respect. She now broached her favorite topic, which I need scarcely tell you is genealogy, beginning with her own.

"If your title to royal blood," she said, "were as plain as mine (through Admiral Bombo, you know) you would not need any careful research."

She told me a great deal of genealogy, which I spare you; it was not one family tree, it was a forest of them. It gradually appeared that a grandmother of my mother's grandfather had been a Fanning, and that there were sundry kinds of Fannings, right ones and wrong ones; the point for me was, what kind had mine been? No family record showed this. If it was Fanning of the Bon Homme Richard variety, or Fanning of the Alamance, then I was no king's descendant.

"Worthy New England people, I understand," said my Aunt with her nod of indulgent stateliness, referring to the Bon Homme Richard species, "but of entirely bourgeois extraction—Paul Jones himself, you know, was a mere gardener's son—while the Alamance Fanning was one of those infamous regulators who opposed Governor Tryon. Not through any such cattle could you be one of us," said my Aunt.

Nothing but Their Perfect, Southern Good Breeding, the Way They Took it, Saved it from Being Like a Rowdy Farce

But a dim, distant, hitherto uncharted Henry Tudor Fanning had fought in some of the early Indian wars, and the last of his known blood was reported to have fallen while fighting bravely at the battle of Cowpens. In him my hope lay. Records of Tarleton, records of Marion's men, these were what I must search, and for these I had best go to Kings Port. If I returned with kinship proven, then I might be a Selected Salic Scion, a chosen vessel, a royal seed, one in the most exalted circle of men and women upon our coasts. The other qualifications were already mine: ancestors colonial and bellicose upon land and sea——

"——besides having acquired," my Aunt was so good as to say, "sufficient personal presentability since your life in Paris, of which I had rather not know too much, Augustus. It is a pity," she repeated, "that you will have so much research. With my family it was all so satisfactorily clear through Kill-devil Bombo—Admiral Bombo's spirited, reckless son."

You will readily conceive that I did not venture to betray my ignorance of these Bombos; I worked my eyebrows to express a silent and timeworn familiarity.

"Go to Kings Port. You need a holiday, at any rate. And I," my Aunt handsomely finished, "will make the journey a present to you."

This generosity made me at once, and sincerely, repentant for my flippancy concerning Charles the Second and Elizabeth. And so, partly from being tempted by this apple of Eve, and partly because recent overwork had tired me, but chiefly for her sake, and not to thwart at the outset her kindly-meant ambitions for me, I kissed the hand of my Aunt Carola and set forth to Kings Port.

"Come back one of us," was her parting benediction.

After all, to belong to the Scions would be no slight consolation for my ancestors (glorious as they were) having fought against England in the Revolution.

II—I VARY MY LUNCH

THUS it was that I came to sojourn in the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America; whose visible sadness and distinction seem also to speak audibly, speak in the sound of the quiet waves that ripple round her Southern front, speak in the church-bells on Sunday morning, and breathe not only in the soft salt air, but in the perfume of every gentle, old-fashioned rose that blooms behind the high garden walls of falling, mellow-tinted plaster: Kings Port the retrospective, Kings Port the belated, who from her pensive porticoes looks over her two rivers to the marshes and the trees beyond, the live-oaks, veiled in gray moss, brooding with memories! Were she my city, how I should love her! I owe to my Aunt this indelible image of bygone state, and with it my spectator's vision of the quaint, appropriate romance, the little story of love that I could not tell you without proper mention first of my Aunt, even though she never saw the boy and girl, or knew them at all. That she now, comically enough, doesn't wish either to know them, or to hear their names even, I will explain to you at the end, when I have finished the wedding—for this happy romance ends with a wedding, and begins in the Woman's Exchange, which the ladies of Kings Port have established, and (I trust) lucratively conduct in Royal Street.

Royal Street! There's a relevance in this name, a fitness to my errand; but that is pure accident.

The Woman's Exchange happened to be there, a decorous resort for those who became hungry, as I did, at the hour of noon each day. In my very pleasant boarding-house, where, to be sure, there was one dreadful boarder, a tall lady, whom I soon secretly called Juno—but let unpleasant things wait—in the very pleasant house where I boarded (I had left my hotel after one night) our breakfast was at eight, and our dinner not until three: sacred meal-hours in Kings Port, as inviolable, I fancy, as the Declaration of Independence, but a gap quite beyond the stretch of my Northern vitals. Therefore, at twelve, it was my habit to leave my Fanning researches for a while, and lunch at the Exchange upon chocolate and sandwiches most delicate in savor. As, one day, I was luxuriously biting one of these, I heard his voice and what he was saying. Both the voice and the interesting order he was giving caused me, at my small table, in the dim back of the room, to stop and watch him where he stood in the light at the counter to the right of the entrance door. Young he was, very young, twenty-two or three at the most, and as he stood, with hat in hand, speaking to the pretty girl behind the counter, his head and side-face were of a romantic and high-strung look. It was a cake that he desired made, a cake for a wedding; and I directly found myself curious to know whose wedding. Even a dull wedding interests me more than other dull events, because it can arouse so much surmise and so much prophecy; but in this wedding I instantly, because of his strange and charming embarrassment, became quite absorbed. How came it he was ordering the cake for it? Blushing like the boy that he entirely was, he spoke in a most engaging voice: "No, not charged; and as you don't know me, I had better pay for it now."

Self-possession in his speech he almost had; but the blood in his cheeks and forehead was beyond his control.

A reply came from behind the counter: "We don't expect payment until delivery."

"But—a—but on that morning I shall be rather particularly engaged." His tones sank almost away on these words.

"We should prefer to wait, then. You will leave your address. In half-pound boxes, I suppose?"

"Boxes? Oh, yes—I hadn't thought—no—just a big, round one. Like this, you know!" His arms embraced a circular space of air. "With plenty of icing."

I do not think that there was any smile on the other side of the counter; there was, at any rate, no hint of one in the voice. "And how many pounds?"

He was again staggered. "Why—a—I never ordered one before. I want plenty—and the very best, the very best. Each person would eat a pound, wouldn't they? Or would two be nearer? I think I had better leave it all to you. About like this, you know." Once more his arms embraced a circular space of air.

Before this I had never heard the young lady behind the counter enter into any conversation with a customer. She would talk at length about all sorts of Kings Port affairs with the older ladies connected with the Exchange, who were frequently to be found there; but with a customer never. She always took my orders, and my money, and served me, with a silence and a propriety that have become,

with ordinary shopkeepers, a lost art. *They* talk to one indeed! But this slim girl was a lady, and consequently did the right thing, marking and keeping a distance between herself and the public. To-day, however, she evidently felt it her official duty to guide the hapless young man amid his errors. He now appeared to be committing a grave one.

"Are you quite sure you want that?" the girl was asking.

"Lady Baltimore? Yes, that is what I want."

"Because," she began to explain, then hesitated, and looked at him. Perhaps it was in his face; perhaps it was that she at this point remembered the serious difference between the price of Lady Baltimore (by my small bill-of-fare I was now made acquainted with its price) and the cost of that rich article which convention has prescribed as the cake for weddings; at any rate, swift, sudden delicacy of feeling prevented her explaining any more to him, for she saw how it was: his means were too humble for the approved kind of wedding cake! She was too young, too unskilled yet in the world's ways to rise above her embarrassment; and so she stood blushing at him behind the counter, while he stood blushing at her in front of it.

At length he succeeded in speaking. "That's all, I believe. Good-morning."

At his hastily departing back she, too, murmured: "Good-morning."

Before I knew it I had screamed out loudly from my table: "But he hasn't told you the day he wants it for!"

Before she knew it she had flown to the door—my cry had set her going, as if I had touched a spring—and there he was at the door himself, rushing back. He, too, had remembered. It was almost a collision, and nothing but their perfect, Southern good breeding, the way they took it, saved it from being like a rowdy farce.

"I know," he said simply and immediately. "I am sorry to be so careless. It's for the twenty-seventh."

She was writing it down in the order-book. "Very well. That is Wednesday of next week. You have given us more time than we need." She put complete, impersonal business into her tone; and this time he marched off in good order, leaving peace in the Woman's Exchange.

No, not peace; quiet, merely; the girl at the counter now proceeded to grow indignant with me. We were alone together, we two; no young man, or any other business, occupied her or protected me. But if you suppose that she made war, or expressed rage by speaking, that is not it at all. From her counter in front to my table at the back she made her displeasure felt; she was inaudibly crushing; she didn't do it even with her eye, she managed it—well, with her neck, somehow, and by the way she made her nose look in profile. Aunt Carola would have embraced her—and I should have liked to do so myself. She couldn't stand the idea of my having, after all these days of official reserve that she had placed between us, startled her into that rush to the door, annihilated her dignity at a blow. So did I finish my sandwiches beneath her invisible but eloquent ire. What affair of mine was the cake? And what sort of impertinent, meddlesome person was I, shrieking out my suggestions to people with whom I had no acquaintance? These were the things that her nose and her neck said to me the whole length of the Exchange. Well, there you are! It was my interest in weddings that did it, made me forget my decorum, the public place, myself, everything, and plunge in. And I became more and more delighted over it as the girl continued to crush me. My day had been dull, my researches hadn't brought me a whit nearer royal blood; I looked at my little bill-of-fare, and then I stepped forward to the counter, adventurous, but polite.

"I should like a slice, if you please, of Lady Baltimore," I said with extreme formality.

I thought she was going to burst; but after an interesting second she replied, "Certainly," in her regular Exchange tone; only, I thought it trembled a little.

I returned to the table and she brought me the cake, and I had my first felicitous meeting with Lady Baltimore. Oh, my goodness! Did you ever taste it? It's all soft, and it's in layers, and it has nuts—but I can't write any more about it; my mouth waters too much.

Delighted surprise caused me once more to speak aloud. "But, dear me, this is delicious!"

A choking ripple of laughter came from the counter. "It's I who make them," said the girl. "I thank you for the unintentional compliment." Then she walked straight back to my table. "I can't help it," she said, laughing still, and her delightful, insolent nose well up; "how can I behave myself when a man goes on as you do?" A nice white curly dog followed her, and she stroked his ears.

"Your behavior is very agreeable to me," I remarked.

"You'll allow me to say that you're not invited to criticise it. I was decidedly put out with you for making me ridiculous. But you have admired my cake with such enthusiasm that you are forgiven. And—may I hope that you are getting on famously with the battle of Cowpens?"

I stared. "I'm frankly very much astonished that you should know about that!"

"Oh, you're just known all about in Kings Port."

I wish that our miserable alphabet could in some way render the soft Southern accent which she gave to her words. But it cannot. I could easily misspell, if I chose; but how, even then, could I, for instance, make you hear her way of saying "about"? "Aboot" would magnify it; and besides, I decline to make ugly to the eye her quite special English, that was so charming to the ear.

"Kings Port just knows all about you," she repeated with a sweet and mocking laugh.

"Do you mind telling me how?"

She explained at once. "This place is death to all incognitos."

The explanation, however, did not, on the instant, enlighten me. "This? The Woman's Exchange, you mean?"

"Why, to be sure! Have you not heard ladies talking together here?"

I blankly repeated her words. "Ladies talking?"

She nodded.

"Oh!" I cried. "How dull of me! Ladies talking! Of course!"

She continued. "It was therefore widely known that you were consulting our South Carolina archives at the library—and then that notebook you bring marked you out the very first day. Why, two hours after your first lunch we just knew all about you!"

"Dear me!" said I.

"Kings Port is ever ready to discuss strangers," she continued. "The Exchange has been going on five years, and the resident families have discussed each other so thoroughly here that everything is known; therefore a stranger is a perfect boon." Her gayety for a moment interrupted her, before she continued, always mocking and always sweet: "Kings Port cannot boast intelligence offices for servants; but if you want to know the character and occupation of your friends, come to the Exchange!" How I wish I could give you the raciness, the contagion of her laughter! Who would have deemed that, behind her primness all this frolic lay in ambush? "Why," she said, "I'm only a plantation girl; it's my first week here, and I know every wicked deed everybody has done since 1812!"

She went back to her counter. It had been very merry; and as I was settling the small debt for my lunch I asked: "Since this is the proper place for information, will you kindly tell me whose wedding that cake is for?"

She was astonished. "You don't know? And I thought you were quite a clever Ya—I beg your pardon—Northerner."

"Please tell me, since I know you're quite a clever Reb—I beg your pardon—Southerner."

"Why, it's his own! Couldn't you see that from his bashfulness?"

"Ordering his own wedding cake?" Amazement held me. But the door opened, one of the elderly ladies entered, the girl behind the counter stiffened to primness in a flash, and I went out into Royal Street as the curly dog's tail wagged his greeting to the newcomer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AS A BREATH INTO THE WIND

By William Allen White

WE ARE proud of the machinery in our office—the two linotypes, the big perfecting press and the little jobbers. They are endowed by office tradition with certain human attributes—having their moods and vagaries and tantrums—so we love them as men love children. And this is a queer thing about them: though our building is pocked with windows that are open by day seven months in the year, and though the air of the building is clean enough save for the smell of the ink, yet at night, after the machines have been idle for many hours and are probably asleep, the place smells like the lair of wild animals. By day they are as clean as machines may be kept. And, even in the days when David Lewis petted them and coddled them and gave them the core of his heart, they were speckless, and bright as his big, brown, Welsh eyes, but the night-stinks of them were rank and beastly.

David came to us, a stray cat, fifteen years ago. He was too small to wrestle with the forms—being cast in the nonpareil mould of his race—and so we put him to carrying papers. In school season he seemed to go to school, and in summer it is certain that he put a box on a high stool in the back room, and learned the printer's case, and fed the job presses at odd times, and edged on to the pay-roll without ever having been formally hired. In the same surreptitious manner he slipped a cot into the stock-room upstairs and slept there, and finally had it fitted up as a bedroom, and so became an office fixture.

By the time his voice had stopped squeaking he was a good printer, and what with using the front office for a study at night, and the New York papers and the magazines for textbooks, he acquired a good working education. Whereupon he fell in love with two deities at once—the blond one working in the Racket Store, on Main Street, and the other, a new linotype which we installed the year before McKinley's first election. His heart was sadly torn between them. He never went to bed under midnight after calling on either of them, and, having the Celt's

And Edged on to the Pay-Roll Without Ever Having Been Formally Hired

natural aptitude to get at the soul of either women or intricate mechanism, in a year he was engaged to both; but naturally enough a fever overtook him, wherein he lay on a cot at the Sisters' Hospital and jabbered strange things.

Among other things the priest who sat beside him one day heard Latin verse; whereat the father addressed David in the language of the Church and received reply in kind. And they talked solemnly about matters theological for five minutes, David's voice changing to the drone of the liturgist's and his face flushing with uncaged joy. In an hour there were three priests with the boy, and he spoke in Latin to them without faltering. He discussed abstruse ecclesiastical questions and claimed incidentally to be an Italian priest dead a score of years, and to prove his claim described Rome and the Vatican as it was before Leo's day. Then he fell asleep and the next day was better and knew no Latin, but insisted on reading the note under his pillow which his girl had sent him. After that he wanted to know how New York stood in the National League and how Chesbro's batting record was, and proceeded to get well in short order.

David resumed his place in the office, and when we put in the perfecting press he added another string to his bow. The press and the linotype and his girl were his life's passions, and his position as short-stop in the Maroons, and as snare-drummer in the Second Regiment band, were his diversions. He wore clothes well and became president of the Imperial Dancing Club—chiefly to please his girl, who desired social position. A boy with twelve dollars a week in a country town, who will spend a dollar or two a month to have his clothes pressed, can accomplish any social heights which rise before him, and there is no barrier in our town to a girl merely because she presides at the ribbon-counter; which, of course, is as it should be.

So David became a town personage. When the linotype operator left, we gave David his place, and he courted only one of his sweethearts by night, and found time for other things. Also we gave him three dollars a week more to spend, and the Imperial Club got most of it—generally through the medium of the blonde in the Racket Store, who was cultivating a taste for diamonds, and liked to wear flowers at the more formal dances.

Now, unless they are about to be married, a boy of twenty may not call on a girl of nineteen, in a respectable family,

a member of the Plymouth Daughters, and a graduate of the High School, oftener than four nights in the week, without exciting more or less neighborly comment; but David and the girl were merely going together—as the parlance of our town has it—and, though they were engaged, they had no idea of getting married at any definite time. So David had three nights in the seven which might be called open. The big press would not receive him by night, and he spent his love on his linotype by day; he was lonesome and longed for the society of his kind. The billiard-hall did not tempt him nor did the cigar-store; but there he met and fell under the spell of Henry Larmy—known of the town as "Old Hen," though he was not twoscore years gone—and the two began chumming together.

Old Hen worked in the tin-shop, read Ruskin, regarded Debs as a prophet, received many papers devoted to socialism and the New Thought, and believed that he believed in no man, no God and no devil. Also he was a woman-hater, and though he never turned his head for a petticoat, preached free love and bought many books which promised to tell him how to become a hypnotist. At various times, Larmy's category of beliefs included the single-tax, Buddhism, spiritualism, and a faith in the curative properties of blue glass. David and Henry Larmy used to sit in the office of evenings discussing these things when honest people should be in bed.

Henry never could tell us just how the talk drifted to hypnotism and the occult, nor when the current started that way. But one of the reporters, who happened to be driven off the street by the rain one night, found Henry and David in the office with a home-made planchet-board doing queer things. They made it tell words in the middle of pages in newspapers that neither had opened. They made it write answers to sums that neither had calculated, and they made it give the names of Henry's relatives dead and gone—also those that were living, which David, who was operating it, did not know. The thing would not move for the man, but the boy's fingers on it made it fly. Some way the triangular board broke, and the reporter and Henry were pop-eyed with wonder to see David hold his hands above the pencil and make it write, dragging a splinter of board behind it.

Very Slowly the Brasses Slipped—Slipped—Slipped into Their Places

David yawned five or six times and lay down on the office couch, and when he got up a moment later his hands were fingering the air and his lips fluttering like the wings of fledglings, and he seemed to be trying some new kind of lingo. He did not look about him, but went straight to the table, gripped the air above the pencil with the broken board upon it, and the pencil came up and began writing something, evidently in verse. David's face was shiny and smiling the while, but his eyes were fixed, though his lips moved as they do when one writes and is unused to it. Larmy stared at the boy with open mouth, clearly afraid of the spectacle that was before him. A night-creaking of the building made him jump, and he moistened his lips as the pencil wrote on. When the sheet was filled the pencil fell and David looked about him with a smile, and dropped his head on the desk and began to yawn. He seemed to be coming out of a deep sleep, and grinned up, blinking: "Gee, I must 'a' gone to sleep on you fellers. I was up late last night."

Larmy told the boy what had happened, and the three of them looked at the paper, but could make nothing of it. David shook his head.

"Not on your life," he laughed. "What do you fellers take me for—a phonograph having the D. T.'s, or a mimeograph with a past? Uh-huh! Not for little David! Why—say, that is some kind of Dutch!"

The reporter knew enough to know that it was Latin, but his High-School days were five years behind him, and he could not translate it. The Latin professor at the college, however, said that it seemed to be an imitation of Ovid.

And the next time the reporter saw a light in the office window he broke into the seance. When the boy and his girl were not holding down the sofa at her father's home, or when there was no dance at the Imperial Club hall, nor any other social diversion, David and Larmy and the reporter would meet at the office and dive into the things too deep for Horatio's philosophy.

Their favorite theme was the immortality of the soul, and when they were on this theme David would get nervous, pace up and down the office, and finally throw himself on the lounge and begin to yawn. Whereupon a control, or state of mind, or personality that called itself Fra Giuseppe would rise to consciousness and dominate the boy. Larmy and the reporter called it "father," and talked to it with considerable jocularity, considering that the father claimed they were talking to a ghost. It would do odd things for them: go into rooms where David had never been, and describe their furnishings and occupants accurately; read the numbers on watches of prominent citizens, which the reporter would verify the next day, and pretend to bring other departed spirits into the room to discuss various matters. Larmy had a pleasant social chat with Karl Marx, and had the spirits hunting all over the kingdom-come for Tom Paine and Murat. But the messenger either couldn't find them, or the line was busy with some one else; so these worthies never appeared.

Still, this must be said of the "father." It had a philosophy of life, and a distinct personality far deeper and more charming and in some ways sweeter than David's. Also it talked with an accent, which to the hearers seemed Italian, and in a voice that certainly could not have been the boy's by any trick of ventriloquism. One night in their talks, Larmy said:

"Father, you say you believe the judgments of God are just—how do you account for the sufferings, the heart-aches, the sorrows, the misery, that come in the wake of those judgments? Here is a great railroad accident that strikes down twenty people, renders some cripples for life, kills others. Here is a flood that sweeps away the property of good men and bad men. Is that just? What compensation is there for it?"

The father put his chin in one hand and remained silent for a time, as one deep in thought, then he replied:

"That is—what you call—life. That is what makes life, life; what makes it different from the existence we know now. All your misfortunes, your hardships, your joys, all your miseries and failures and triumphs—these are the school of the soul. It is a preparation."

And David waking knew nothing of the thing that possessed him sleeping. When they told him, he would smoke his cigarette, and make reply that he must have had 'em pretty bad this time, or that he was glad he wasn't that "buggy" when he was awake.

David's talent soon became known in the office; we used to call it his spook, but only once did we harness it to practical business. It was when old Charley Hedrick, the local boss, was picking a candidate for the Legislature. The reporter and Larmy asked the "father" one night if it could get us connected with Mr. Hedrick. It said it would try; it needed help. And there appeared another personality with which they were more or less familiar, called the Jew. The Jew claimed to be a literary man, and said it would act as receiver while the father acted as transmitter on Hedrick. Then they got this one-sided telephonic conversation in a voice which was astonishingly like Hedrick's:

"Harmony—hell, yes; we're always getting the harmony and the First National gets the offices." Then a pause ensued. "Well, let 'em bolt. I'm getting tired giving up the whole county ticket to them fellows to keep 'em from bolting." After another pause, he seemed to answer some one: "Oh, Bill—you can't trust him! He's played both sides in this town for ten years. What I want isn't a man to satisfy them, but just this once I want a man who won't be even under the suspicion of satisfying them. I want a fellow to satisfy me." The other side of the telephone must have spoken, for this came: "Well, then, we'll bust their damn bank! Did you see their last statement! Cash down to fifteen per cent. and no dividends on half a million assets for a year and a half. Something's rotten there. If they want a fight, they can have it." After the silence he replied: "I tell you fellows they can't afford a fight. And, anyway, there'll never be peace in this town till we get things on the basis of one bank, one newspaper, one wife and one country, and the way to do that is to get out in the open and fight. If I've got as much sense as a rabbit, I say that Ab Handy is the man, and whether I'm right or wrong I'm going to run him." He seemed to retort to some objector: "Yes, and the first thing you know he'd come charging up to the Speaker's desk with a maximum freight-rate bill, or a stock-yards bill—and where would I be? I tell you he won't stand hitched. He'll swell up like a pizened pup, and you couldn't handle him. Where'd any of us be if the Representative from this county got to pawing the air for reform? I know Jake as though I'd been through him with a lantern." There must have been a discussion of some kind among the others, for a lengthy interim followed; then the voice continued: "Elect him?—of course we can elect him. I can get five hundred from the State Committee and we can raise that much down here, and this is a Republican year, and we could elect Judas Iscariot against any of the eleven brethren this year on the Republican ticket, and I tell you it's Ab. You fellows can do as you please, but I'm going to run Ab."

Then, being full of political curiosity rather than impelled by a desire for psychical research, the reporter slipped out and waited in a stairway opposite the Exchange National Bank until the light in the back room was extinguished. Then he saw old Charley and his henchmen come out, one at a time, look cautiously up and down the street and go forth in different ways. The story in our paper the next day of the candidacy of Ab Handy threw consternation into the ranks of the enemy, for we printed the conversation as it occurred, after which five men publicly contended that one of their number was a traitor.

The summer browned the pastures, and the coming of autumn brought trouble for David Lewis, president of the Imperial Dancing Club, short-stop for the Maroons, snare-drummer in the band, and operator of linotypes. We, who are at the period of life where love is a harvest, forget the days of the harrow, and are prone to smile at the season of the seeding. We do not remember that the heaviest burden God puts on young souls is a burden of the heart. A traveling silk-salesman, with a haughty manner and a two-hundred-dollar job, saw the blonde in the Racket Store and began calling at her father's home like the captain of an army with banners. David, being only an armor-bearer at fifteen dollars a week, found heart-break in it all for him. A girl of twenty is so much older than a boy of twenty-one that the blonde began to assume a maternal attitude to the boy, and he took to walking afield on Sundays, looking at the sky in agony and asking his little now-I-lay-me God what life was given to him for. He fabricated a legend that she was selling herself for gold, and when the haughty manner and the blonde sped by David's window behind jingling sleigh-bells that winter, David, sitting at the machine, got back proofs from the front office that looked like war-maps of a strange country. Moreover, he let his matrices go uncleaned until they were beardy as wheat, and the bill of repairs on the machine began to rise like a cat's back.

All of this may seem funny in the telling, but to see the little Welshman's heart breaking in him was no pleasant matter. The girls in the office pitied the boy, and hoped the silk-drummer would break her heart. Also the town and the Imperial Club, whereof David was much beloved, took sides with him, and knew his sorrow for their own. As for the blonde, it was only Nature asserting itself in her; so David got back his little chip diamonds, and his bangle bracelet, and his copy of Riley's Love Songs, and there was the "mist and the blinding rain" for him, and the snow of winter hardened on the sidewalks.

To console himself, the boy traded for a music-box, which he set going with a long brass lever. Its various tunes were picked in holes on circular steel sheets, which one fed into the box and set whirling with the lever. Of nights, when Larmy wasn't enjoying what David called a spook-fest, the boy would sit in the office by the hour and listen to his music-box. He must have played Love's Golden Dream is Past a hundred lonesome times that winter (it had been their favorite waltz—his and the girl's—at the Imperial Club), and it was a safe guess that if the boys in the office, as they passed the box at noon, would give the lever a yank, from the abdomen of the contrivance the waltz song would begin deep and low to rumble and swell out with all the simulation of sorrow that a canned soul may express.

As the winter deepened, Larmy and the reporter and the "father" had more and more converse. The "father" explained a theory of immortality which did not interest the reporter, but which Larmy heard eagerly. It said that science would resolve matter into mere forms of motion, which are expressions of divine will, and that the only place where this divine will exists in its pure state, eluding the so-called material state, is manifest in the human soul. Further, the "father" explained that this soul, or divine will, exists without the brain, independent of brain tissue, as may be proved by the accepted phenomena of hypnotism, where the soul is commanded to leave the body and see and hear and feel and know things which the mere physical organs could not experience, owing to the interposition of space. The "father" said that at death the divine will commands the ripened seed of life to leave the body and assume immortality, just as that will commands the seeds of plants and of animals to assume their natural functions. The thing that talked through David's lips said that the body is a seed-pod of the soul, and that souls grow little or much as they are planted and environed and nurtured by life. All this it said in many nights, while Larmy wondered and the reporter scoffed and stuck pins in David to see if he could feel them. And the boy waked from his dreams always to say: "Gimme a cigarette!" and to reach over and pull the lever of his music-box, and add: "Perfessor, give us a tune! Hen, the perfessor says he won't play unless you give me a cigarette for him."

One night, after a long wrangle which ended in a discourse by the "father," a strange thing happened. Larmy and It were contending as to whether It was merely a hypnotic influence on the boy, of some one living whom they did not know, or what It claimed to be, a disembodied spirit. By way of diversion, the reporter had just run a binder's needle under one of the boy's finger-nails to see if he would flinch. Then the voice that was coming from David's mouth spoke and said: "I will show you something to prove it." And the entranced boy rose and went to the back room, while the two others followed him.

He turned the lever which flashed the light on his linotype, and set the little motor going. He lifted up the lid of the metal-pot before he sat down, to see if the fire was keeping it molten. Then the boy sat at the machine with his hands folded in his lap, gazing at the empty copy-holder out of dead eyes. In a minute—perhaps it was a little longer—a brass matrix slipped from the magazine and clicked down into the assembler; in a second or two another fell, and then, very slowly, like the ticks of a great clock, the brasses slipped—slipped—slipped into their places, and the steel spaces dropped into theirs. A line was formed, while the boy's hands lay in his lap. When it was a full line, he grabbed the lever, which sent the line over to the metal-pot to be cast, and his hand fell back in his lap, while the dripping of the brasses continued and the blue and white keys on the board sank and rose though no finger touched them.

Larmy squinted at the thing, and held his long, fuzzy, unshaven chin in his hand. When the second line was cast the reporter broke the silence with: "Well, I'll be d——d!" And the voice from David's mouth replied: "Very likely." And the clicking of the brasses was quicker.

Seven lines were cast and then the boy got up and went back to the couch in the front room, where he yawned himself, apparently, through three strata of consciousness, into his normal self. They took a proof of what had been cast, but it was in Latin and they could not translate it. David himself forgot about it the next day, but the reporter, being impressed, and being curious, took the proof to the teacher of Latin at the college, who translated it thus: "*He shall go away on a long journey across the ocean, and he shall not return, yet the whole town shall see him again and know him—and he shall bring back the song that is in his heart, and you shall hear it.*"

And the next week the Maine was blown up, and in the excitement the troubles of David were forgotten in the office. Moreover, as he had to work overtime he put his soul deeper into the machine, and his nerves took on something of the steel in which he lived. The Associated Press report was long in those days and the paper was filled with local news of wars and rumors of wars, so that, when the call for troops came in the early spring, the town was eager for it, and David could not wait for the local company to form but went to Lawrence and enlisted with the Twentieth Kansas. He was our first war-hero for thirty years, and the town was proud of him. Most of the town knew why he went, and there was reproach for the blonde in the Racket Store, who had told the girls it would be in June and that they were going East for a wedding trip.

When David came back from Lawrence an enlisted man, with a week in which to prepare for the fray, the Imperial Club gave him a farewell dance of great pride, in that one end of Imperial Hall was decorated for the occasion with all the Turkish rugs, and palms, and ferns, and piano-lamps with red shades, and American flags draped from the electric fixtures, and all the cut-glass and hand-painted punch-bowls that the girls of the T. T. T. Club could beg or borrow; and red lemonade and raspberry sherbet flowed like water. Whereat David Lewis was so pleased that he sniffled when he came into the hall and saw

And David Waking Knew Nothing of the Thing that Possessed Him Sleeping

the splendor that had been made for him. But his soul, despite his gratitude to the boys and girls who gave the party, was filled with an unutterable sadness. And he sat out many dances under the red lamp-shades, with the various girls who had been playing sister to him; and the boys to whom the girls were more than sisters were not jealous.

As for the blonde, she beamed and preened, and smiled on David, but her name was not on his card; and as the silk salesman was on the road, she had many vacant lines on her card, and she often sat alone by a card-table shuffling the deck that lay there. The boy's eyes were dead when they looked at her, and her smile did not coax him to her. Once, when the others were dancing an extra, David sat across the room from her, and she went to him and sat by him, and said under the music:

"I thought we were always going to be friends—David?" And when he had parried her for a while, he rose to go away, and she said: "Won't you dance just once with me, Dave—just for old sake's sake before you go?" And he put down his name for the next extra and thought of how long ago it had been since the last June dance. Old sake's sake with youth may mean something that happened only day before yesterday.

The boy did not speak to his partner during the next dance, but went about debating something in his mind; and when the number was done he had decided, and he tripped over to the leader of the orchestra, whom he had hired for dances a score of times, and asked for Love's Golden Dream is Past as the next "extra." It was his waltz and he didn't care if the whole town knew it—they would dance it together. And so when the orchestra began they started away, a very heart-broken, brown-eyed, olive-skinned little Welshman, who barely touched the finger-tips of a radiant, overdeveloped blonde with roses in her cheeks and moonlight in her hair. She would have come closer to him, but he danced away, and only hunted for her soul with his brown Celtic eyes. And because David had asked for it, and they loved the boy, the old men in the orchestra played the waltz over and over again, and at the end the dancers clapped their hands for an encore, and when the chorus began they sang it dancing, and the boy found the voice which cheered the "Men of Harlech," the sweet, cadent voice of his race, and let out his heart in the words.

When he led her to a seat the blonde had tears on her eyelashes as she choked a "good-by, Dave" to him, but he turned away without answering her and went to find his next partner. And as it was late, the crowd soon went down the long, dark stairway leading from Imperial Hall, into the moonlight and down the street, singing and humming and whistling Love's Golden Dream, and the next day they and the town and the band came down to the noon train to see the conquering hero go.

It was lonesome in the office after David went, and his music-box in the corner was dumb, for we couldn't find the brass lever for it, though the printers and the reporters hunted in his trunk and every place they could think of. But the lonesomest things in the world for him were the machines. The big press grew sulky and kept breaking the web, and his linotype took to absorbing castor-oil, as if it were a kind of hasheesh. The new operator could run the new machine, but David's seemed to resent familiarity. It was six months before we got things going straight after he left us.

He wrote us soldier letters from the Presidio, and from mid-ocean, and from the picket-line in front of Manila. And then, one afternoon, the messenger-boy came in snuffling with a sheet of the Press report. David's name was among the killed; and we turned the column rules on the first page and got out the paper early to give the town the news. Henry Larmy brought in an obituary, the next day, which needed much editing, and we printed it under the head "A Tribute from a Friend," and signed Larmy's name to it.

The boy had no kith or kin—which is most unusual for a Welshman—and so, except in our office, he seemed to be forgotten. And a month went by and the season changed, and changed again, and a year was gone, when the Government sent word to Larmy—whom the boy seemed to have named for his next friend—that David's body would be brought back for burial if his friends desired it. So in the fall of 1900, when the Presidential campaign was at its height, the conquering hero came home, and we gave him a military funeral. The body came to us on Labor Day, and in our office we consecrated the day to David. The band and the militia company took him from the big stone church where sometimes he had gone to Sunday-school as a child, and a long procession of townsfolk wound around the hill to the cemetery, where David got a salute of guns, and the bugler played taps, and our eyes grew wet and our hearts were touched. Then we covered him with flowers and whipped up the horses and came back to the world.

That night, as it was the end of a holiday, the Republican Committee had assigned to our town, for the benefit of the men in the shops, one of the picture-shows that Mark Hanna, like a heathen in his blindness, had sent to Kansas, thinking our State, after the war, needed a spur to its patriotism in the election. The crowd in front of the post-office was a hundred feet wide and two hundred feet long, looking at the pictures from the kinetoscope—pictures of men going to work in mills and factories;

(Continued on Page 15)

ECHOES OF GREATNESS

Roosevelt: Impetuous Moralist and Shrewd Politician

By JOHN S. WISE

Author of The End of an Era

OF ALL the men who have occupied the Presidential office in my day and time, the present incumbent is to me at once the most interesting, novel, and in many respects the most admirable man among them. I shall discuss him as freely as if he were dead, for I am not a successful flatterer of public men, and although one may see that I do not think he is perfect, no one can fail to discern from what I shall say of him that I admire and respect him greatly, and count his admirable traits as many times overbalancing the few defects to which I shall refer. Perhaps I notice the latter more than most men would do, because some of them I have myself in such exaggerated degree that, instead of being mere drawbacks, they are dominant and disqualifying.

Criticism is no more agreeable to Theodore Roosevelt than to the average of mankind, I think, for I remember one occasion when he was Police Commissioner of New York City, and I demurred against the rigid way in which he and his associates were enforcing certain provisions of the law of excise. I talked plainly in open meeting, coupling my criticisms with the assurance of more than ordinary personal regard. Nobody loves a stiff dispute better than Roosevelt, and he came back at me like hammer and tongs. His opening sentence was an acknowledgment of our kindly relations, and then he added sardonically: "Of course we are friends; I know it. But I cannot help quoting, 'I know that you love me most truly, but *why* did you kick me downstairs?'"

More than once Mr. Roosevelt and I have metaphorically punched each other; but, as an Englishman says of another whom he admires, "he can stand a lot of beating," and I admire him all the more for it. He may not always be right. I do not think he is always right. But he always believes he is right, and he has the courage of his convictions. When he is with you, he is with you generously and confidingly and whole-souled. When he is against you, he will not lie to you, or deceive you, or postpone you, but will tell you so, and tell you why, and argue against you, and sit down on you, and, if need be, fight you to a finish. In a word, he is a man, a bold, outspoken man, every inch of him a man, whether he is your friend or foe. And with all his positiveness and aggressiveness he combines, in his dealings with a certain class of politicians who could make great trouble for him if he did not conciliate them, about as smooth and cunning political acumen as any man I ever met.

In the course of a long acquaintance with and observation of Mr. Roosevelt, I have watched his dealings with professional politicians from many States with mingled wonder and admiration. He never has been a machine man, and he never has been the voluntary choice of the class of men who gain prominence through their control of political machines. In his heart he does not admire them, and, in their hearts, they have always looked upon him as an infliction. More than once they have tried to cut him down by "foul riding," and would have been glad to accept temporary defeat in order to put a quietus upon his political ambitions. And nobody has known it better than Roosevelt. Yet the "impetuous," the "hot-headed," the "aggressive," the "uncalculating" Teddy has never been betrayed into a breach with any of them, which would give them the excuse they sought. He has never lost sight of the absolute necessity of having the machines supporting him after election. He has, over and over again, adroitly circumvented their machinations to defeat his election, and, afterward, calculated to a nicety just how much recognition was necessary to propitiate them into a support of his Administration. He has understood all the while that what he did for them was political purchase-money, indispensable to his own strength, and they, political parasites as they are, although not getting the half of what they wanted, could not live without what they did get, and have accepted just so much as was necessary to keep them from kicking over the political pail.

In his handling of this problem, Roosevelt has been adroit. He has forborne from the denunciation of them which he felt in his heart, and muzzled and utilized the political wolves who would rend him if they dared. I have often laughed to myself, thinking what he would say about them, and they about him, if both were free to express their opinions. His course has no doubt cost him many severe efforts at self-restraint, and, at times, he has, no doubt, been forced to make concessions and sacrifices of his personal wishes which have greatly annoyed him. But he has, in a way so discriminating that it may be called great, sacrificed the lesser to the greater object and won, leaving this base but indispensable class of supporters disappointed but baffled because, knowing just what he thinks of them, they could find no excuse, in his treatment of them, for betrayal or desertion.

To the veteran observer who knows how dominant the machine was with certain of Mr. Roosevelt's predecessors, and how insolent and overshadowing it became, it is a refreshing sight to see a President who is the real controlling force of his Administration, and the old magnates unhappy at the decline of their importance, but pretending to acquiesce. If Mr. Roosevelt had shown the same political acumen in dealing with all questions which he has shown in his handling of machine leaders, I firmly believe that he would have received, in the last election, the unanimous vote of the Electoral College; for no man, during my lifetime, has seemed, in his personality, so to appeal to the imagination, or to have so strong a hold upon the affections of the masses of the American people.

I did not know the President's father. He died before I came to live in New York. But from all accounts of him he was one of the gentlest, most lovable, public-spirited and popular men that ever lived in New York City. Theodore Roosevelt does not, however, inherit the gentler traits of his father's nature. In his sturdiness and love of life's battles and enterprises, he much more resembles his uncle, Mr. Robert Roosevelt, who has been my friend and associate these many years. The most lovable Roosevelt I ever knew was the President's brother Elliott, now dead and gone. He was one of my earliest acquaintances in New York, and our attachment grew from the moment of our first meeting. Perhaps he was nothing like so aggressive or so forceful a man as Theodore, but, if personal popularity could have bestowed public honors on any man, there was nothing beyond the reach of Elliott Roosevelt.

In those days we were all much younger than we are now, and the things which amused us then have ceased to charm. Long before the horse-show became a fad, the annual dog-show of the Westminster Kennel Club was the thing which brought forth New York society in all its glory. It was no dog-traders' mart. The Westminster Kennel Club was composed of the élite young sportsmen of the city. I recall such men as J. O. Donner, DuBois Wagstaff, Pierre Lorillard, John Heckscher, Henry Munn, Dick Pancoast, Seward and Walter Webb, George DeForest Grant, Coleman Drayton, Elliott Smith, Anthony and John C. Higgins, dear old Charlie Raymond, Elliott Roosevelt and many others. They gave the show and acted as stewards and judges, and all society came to it at Madison Square Garden.

I came up from Virginia to judge the setters and the pointers, and they brought over men like Dalziel and the best judges from England. We gave the "Four Hundred" a great run for their money until eleven o'clock at night, and then we generally gave ourselves a great run on their money at a banquet at the famous old Hotel Brunswick, near the Madison Square Garden, where our show was held. "Tony" Higgins became Senator from Delaware, John C. Higgins a foreign Minister, Seward Webb a millionaire, and the others are now dead, or gouty, or on the retired list, and the Brunswick has been pulled down. But those were never-to-be-forgotten days in our coterie. Elliott Roosevelt was among the younger and later set who followed my heyday, and "Teddy" seldom showed up, as he was a member of the Legislature or playing cowboy in the West. In fact, we did not regard him, by reason of his youth, as quite "in our class." Still, he and Ray Hamilton and others were counted in "the gang," which embraced men from those of the age of Carroll Livingston down to these fledglings.

I have, in a previous paper, mentioned the first letter I ever received from Theodore Roosevelt. It was in 1885, when I was running for Governor against Fitzhugh Lee, and it expressed his good wishes for my success. Of course, that gave me a kindly feeling for Roosevelt. My next distinct remembrance of him is meeting him at a luncheon given by Elliott at the Down Town Club about 1888. I met Elliott Roosevelt with General Sorrel, of Georgia, in New Street one day. Mr. James Gracie, Roosevelt's uncle, now dead, joined us. Gracie's brother, General Archibald Gracie, was killed in the Confederate service before Petersburg. His brigade adjoined my father's at the time of his death. The Roosevelt boys always had a large circle of Southern friends. Their uncle, their mother's brother, Mr. Bullock, of Georgia, was one of the most successful Confederate blockade-runners. Sorrel had served on Longstreet's staff with such conspicuous gallantry that he was promoted, if I mistake not, at one bound from lieutenant-colonel to brigadier-general. I knew him well, and we were warm friends.

"Hallo, here he comes now!" shouted Elliott as I crossed the street, and learned that they were in search of me for a luncheon at the Down Town Club. When we arrived there we found Theodore Roosevelt and Russell Harrison, son of the newly-elected President. It was a very entertaining luncheon. Young Harrison, like Theodore Roosevelt, had been roughing it in the West, and their accounts of Western life were most interesting. I remember Harrison telling how he had witnessed the lynching of a horse-thief and was afterward summoned on a grand jury to investigate the circumstances attending it.

At that time Theodore Roosevelt was one of the huskiest, most energetic, pushing men of thirty that I ever saw. Shortly afterward Elliott, Theodore, General Sorrel and I dined together at Elliott's home, *en garçon*, and I never enjoyed an evening more than that one, for both Sorrel and Theodore Roosevelt were full to overflowing of their reminiscences—the one of the Civil War, the other of his life in the West.

It was a deep distress to me when Elliott died soon afterward. I lost one of the sweetest friends of my early manhood. The two brothers were much attached to each other, and if Elliott had lived I would always have had a powerful friend at court, I feel sure.

In the Vice-Presidential office Mr. Roosevelt was a veritable Pegasus hitched to a plow, and when the horrid crime which removed McKinley brought Roosevelt into the Presidential office, he came in under conditions hardly less trying than those imposed upon Tyler as successor of Harrison, and much more difficult than those attending Fillmore's or Arthur's succession. If Harrison's death was a great blow to Henry Clay, who had calculated so much upon Harrison's subjection to his power, what must have been the blow of McKinley's death to Mark Hanna and his thoroughly entrenched coterie? When Harrison died, Clay was not yet firm in his seat, and what he lost was what he had hoped for rather than what he had realized. When McKinley died, Mark Hanna was in the saddle, and the peculiar but forceful plans of which he was the exponent had been in complete operation for four years; he had secured their indorsement for another term; had tasted one lease of great power and influence to the full, and was just preparing for another four years of even more thorough control. No matter how great or how dominant one may insist that McKinley was, no one questions that the days of McKinley were full of sunshine for Mark Hanna and his compact, thoroughly organized political machine. For nobody questions that Mark Hanna had a great machine, whether it was a good or a bad machine, or that he was the chauffeur, whether McKinley was owner or merely an honored guest. And no machine ever had a harder or more sudden jolt on the highway of politics than did Mark Hanna's when McKinley died, and Roosevelt mounted in his place.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of personal reminiscences of celebrities by John S. Wise.

The world can never know what Mark Hanna and his political syndicate felt when McKinley died, or how, in their inmost hearts, they felt about the advent of his successor, or how in his inmost heart he regarded them.

Roosevelt was and is a person altogether different in temperament, in ideals, in party associations, from McKinley. Andrew Johnson himself differed no more radically from Lincoln than did Roosevelt from McKinley. As for Mark Hanna and the character of political management known as Hannaism, which was synonymous with McKinleyism, certainly Roosevelt had never theretofore operated upon such lines. The people loved McKinley; they appeared to like Hanna and Hannaism. They were not prepared to give them up for the unknown and untried Mr. Roosevelt.

It is to the credit of Roosevelt and Hanna alike that both behaved admirably in a trying time, and that, agreeing to continue the personnel as well as the policy of McKinley's Administration, they subordinated all antagonisms, disappointments and incongruities between them, and strove together for the public good. It certainly was not a natural alliance. No two men who ever came together in politics had more irreconcilable view-points, ideals or standards than did Theodore Roosevelt and Mark Hanna. How they succeeded in pulling together as well as they did, for the common welfare, during the three years that Hanna lived after McKinley's death, is a wonder, for although in that time McKinley's policies were adhered to, Hanna methods and Hanna domination, and men of the type which Hanna chose in the day of his control under McKinley, rapidly gave place to Roosevelt methods, Roosevelt domination, and men of a very different type from those who flourished under Hanna.

Whether the friendship between Roosevelt and Hanna could or would have survived the strain of these inevitable

In Their Hearts They Have Always Looked Upon Him as an Infliction

changes, if Hanna had lived, need not be discussed. Outwardly, at least, it did continue until Hanna died, and that is surprising enough to the general public, who had been taught to look upon Roosevelt as rash and stubborn and unyielding. I have watched him closely, and know that when any question vital to his support by his party followers arises, he is not rash or stubborn or unyielding. On the contrary, no man debates more calculatingly which of two inconsistent plans it is better to yield in order to retain party support—and no man is more politic in not confessing to anybody that he abandoned one purpose in order to attain another.

President Roosevelt, in the early days of his first Administration, had a cherished purpose about which he consulted with certain supporters and was early discussing plans for carrying it out. His purpose and his plans were formed in ignorance of the fact that they trenched upon matters touching which Mark Hanna was peculiarly sensitive. It was a time when a graver issue was before the Senate, upon which the Administration had a very narrow margin and concerning which it was almost dependent upon Hanna's support. The President's action in the matter first referred to stopped suddenly. His course became the reverse of what his conversation had indicated it might be. He dropped the subject, and wisely gave no reason for his change of policy. His Senate measures went through. It was a long time before those he consulted about his first intentions realized that Mark Hanna had warned him that if he did what he proposed he would force a breach and lose the Ohio Senator's support. As a result of this warning, the President promptly abandoned a cherished but not vital purpose in order to insure the success of a more important measure. No man who has not occupied a public station, or been close enough to those who do to watch them, can form any idea how little of free agency is left to the ablest and most dominant man in political office; or how they are forced to "cut their garment according to their cloth," to avoid risk alienating their support and destroying themselves by antagonizing influences without which they have no hope of success.

Andrew Johnson, naturally stubborn, and made the more so by dissipation, undertook to be reckless and defiant of his party leaders, but Theodore Roosevelt, temperate, ambitious, enterprising, full of vitality, bold and stubborn in many things, understands as well as any man that ever was President just how far he may go with the men who are to make or unmake his political fortunes, and just where the danger-line is at which he must stop. He has been singularly blessed, too, in the men by whom he has surrounded himself. In my opinion, there has never been an abler, a wiser or a more loyal counselor, nor one so well equipped in so many departments, as Elihu Root, in the Cabinet of any President. As Secretary of State, moreover, John Hay grew and expanded every day, and the Secretary of War, Judge Taft, is a man of extraordinary capacity. I predict, with great confidence, that in the Cabinet will be found the Presidential successor of President Roosevelt.

Elihu Root I have known for nearly twenty years, and whatever I might say of his legal abilities, of his intellectual power, of his strong, attractive, cautious, honest, high-minded, loyal public and private personality, would be put down to the partiality of friendship. My acquaintance with Judge Taft began some fifteen years ago in a case I had before him in Cincinnati, when he was a Judge in a State Court. I marked him then as an extraordinary man, and have witnessed his successive promotions to Solicitor-General, United States Circuit Judge, Governor of the Philippines, and Secretary of War, with great pleasure, as vindicating my forecast of his future. Mr. Hay's growth somewhat surprised me, for I regarded him as, in early life, a narrow and provincial man: a prejudice derived from some unjust criticisms of my father in his Life of Lincoln; but I am frank to admit that I accept the public estimate of Mr. Hay as a man of very remarkable talents and culture. No piece of oratory delivered in my day has surpassed, if it even equaled, his speech upon McKinley, delivered before the two Houses of Congress.

I ought to state emphatically that in what I have written or shall add concerning President Roosevelt, I have violated no confidence of his, for he has never taken me into his confidence. Nor is anything I have said derived from or inspired by anything he has ever said to me about the things I discuss. They are deductions and conclusions of my own concerning what a man of his acumen and intelligence must have seen and must have felt about matters and conduct the nature and inspiration of which was plain to everybody. Our relations have always been exceedingly friendly, but never intimate to the point that I would feel that in recounting them I was improperly drawing aside the curtain of privacy, and the general interest in the President is such that I feel justified in presenting him as he is.

He is one of the most natural and unaffected men I ever knew—sometimes so even to the point of boyishness. I remember one day when I was with him at luncheon in the White House. The remarkable influence of the Dutch upon American institutions has been a fad with me for many years. For example, the Mecklenburg resolutions are largely plagiarized from, or at any rate pursue the language of the first address of, the States-General in Holland. And our flag is nearly like the flag of the Dutch Republic. We adopted our school system from the Dutch; our system of prosecuting attorneys—and I don't know what else. Years ago I delivered an address on the subject. When I began to talk about it Roosevelt intimated that I was only flattering him. I replied: "I knew and said these things when you were a boy."

After luncheon he invited me to go with him to his office and examine some new German rifles. On arriving there, we found some obsequious Germans, who, after profound bows, showed their weapons. The President was much pleased with the mechanism of the guns, and seizing one worked it, threw it up to his shoulder, pointed it out of the window, clicked it, tested it, and finally, with the enthusiasm of a boy, passed it over to me for examination, exclaiming:

"By George! Look at it! Ain't that *bully?*"

I wondered whether the Germans had ever heard the Kaiser talking about "bully" things!

What has pleased me most in my visits to Mr. Roosevelt is his relations with the children. When they are together, they are all boys and girls and all Presidents. One day, at luncheon, young Teddy spoke of his interest in a game in which he was much absorbed.

I proposed to teach him one that the player cannot make but once in a thousand times. So, after luncheon, on a big marble table in the hallway, the children and I proceeded with the sport, and it was easy to see how much the President regretted that business compelled him to leave.

Another time when I called he had a great red abrasion upon his forehead which looked as if some one had sandpapered him.

"What's that?" said I.

"Why, my horse," said he, with a lively qualifying adjective, "stuck his foot in a hole in a bridge and fell, nearly breaking my neck." And he laughed at it as if it was a good joke!

When He is Against You He Will Tell You So

"Too strenuous!" said I. "Take this and it will cool your blood and keep you from riding so hard." I passed him a little bundle of sassafras bark which I had bought in the Washington market from an old colored woman, intending to make sassafras tea of it to remind me of the time when I was a boy in the country.

"What is it? It smells good," said he, turning it over in his hand and sniffing at it vigorously. I told him. "I'll take it and make some tea," he continued. "Have no doubt it is good."

The next time I saw him he reminded me of that tea, and said every child in the house had had a try at it.

When I want anything from President Roosevelt I can tell in a minute whether I shall get it or not. I do not want much, but when I do I want it right away or not at all. So when we meet I am apt to say: "Mr. President, I want so-and-so." If he will not do it he says so and that ends it. If he hesitates, I can generally tell by the questions he asks whether he will or will not do it. If he says "All right," then I know it will be done, and done quickly. On a certain occasion I asked him to help me have a friend retained in office. He agreed to do so and at once called a stenographer and began to dictate. We were going so fast that it nearly took my breath away. The things he began to dictate were all wrong. I began to correct. We both exploded with laughter. "Here," said he, giving it up, "you dictate it. I'll sign it. Take care that it does not involve my paying any money!" And the business was done.

Another time I went to the White House, and Mr. Roosevelt asked me to tell him about a certain man whom he was considering for office. I spoke well of the candidate. I thought the President was probably going to act in a month or so. Imagine my surprise, the following evening, on taking up the paper, to see that the man's name had been sent to the Senate even before my letter advising him to get indorsements had reached him!

I never have exactly understood just why the President invited Booker Washington to lunch with him, nor do I care. I think the Southern people have made themselves ridiculous about it and given it an importance that is absurd. It is almost impossible to discuss a question like that without being misapprehended. I do not care what one's views on the subject may be, there are circumstances under which a man, however prejudiced, may find himself in a position in which to raise a point like that would give it undue importance and render himself absurdly conspicuous. I do happen to know that President Roosevelt is not an advocate of social equality. I know it from things which he has said so often in public that the same things said in private would not be confidential.

Suppose that, in his public position as President of the United States, he feels that it is not below his dignity, but

(Continued on Page 20)

I Have Watched His Dealings with Professional Politicians from Many States with Mingled Wonder and Admiration

THE JOYS OF SELF-PITY

And the Sorrows of Those Who Must Listen to Them

By LILIAN BELL

Spoiled Daughters Make Selfish Wives

DID you ever wake up in the night and think so earnestly of how your friends would grieve if you were to die that you got to crying?

I have. And it's great.

In fact, I can think of no more agreeable sensation than the gentle melancholy which can be worked up if a man gives himself over to meditation on the subject of how little the world appreciates him; how callous people are; how often real merit (not the common kind of merit, but the uncommon, genuine, rare variety with which he is so plenteously endowed that it seems common to him—but that is only because his brain is so steady that it won't allow him to become vulgarly conceited)—how often, I say, real merit is ignored.

Then you wonder how everybody will feel when you have emerged from your refined obscurity and blatantly called attention to your talent—you mean genius, but your admirable modesty compels you to call it talent. Will they feel cheap and avert their eyes as they take your hand? Will they punctuate their congratulations with contemptuous regret at their stupidity in not penetrating your modest disguise and discovering your uncommon gifts in spite of yourself? No! You are compelled to admit their insensibility. They will not feel ashamed. It would be just like them—coarse-fibred *hoi polloi* as they are!—to slap you on the back and cry: "How are you, Jim, old sport? Say, but you've struck your gait at last! How did you come to pull it off? To tell you the honest truth, I didn't think it was in you!"

At this point your mouth curves in such a bitter sneer that it is really a pity that half of it is buried in the pillow.

But you continue: Is not this the fate of all genius, from Shakespeare down to Mother Goose? People wait till these rare beings are dead—dead and buried—lost to sight—gone forever, before they realize the privilege it was, not only to know, to love, to take familiarly by the hand such wonders, but even to live in the same age and on the same planet with them! Then you wonder if these callous, unseeing, tardy lovers of yours will tell their children and their children's children that they knew you. Will they see the same awe grow in round eyes which nowadays greets such a statement as: "Yes, my son, I took that paper when it recorded the abolition of slavery and such history-making deeds as that!"

Then your thought grows more concrete. You see the sudden taking-off of yourself. You read the brief lines which record your demise in the obituary-column, and you can see what a shock it brings to thousands of homes—how breakfasts are left untasted; how the coffee grows cold and the children are late for school, while father turns to the editorial page, with a thick, black line at the top and bottom of the article, and reads what the editor says. Father's voice chokes now and then, not at the general, public tribute to the loss your death has brought to the world at large, but at the tender, intimate recollections of your winning personality; of your excellent ideal of friendship; of your great-hearted sympathy which could even be called out by a stray dog or a half-starved cat.

The bridge of your own nose begins to ache. Tears are not far off.

Here the children sob and beg to break open their missionary boxes to buy a wreath to lay on your casket. And father and mother exchange gratified glances and lay their hands in benediction on little heads. The promptings of generous and appreciative little hearts are approved, permission is given, with the result that the heathen are shy on red flannel for next winter.

But that frivolous thought popped into your self-pitying train of thought simply because you are endowed with such a glorious sense of humor. You instantly dismiss it, because it interferes with your tearful trend, and you get back as quickly as possible to your death-bed.

Around it hover weeping your immediate family. You are slowly passing away with a sweet smile of forgiveness. Your voice is gone; you can only turn your eyes from one to the other striving to express in this poor, dumb way your unfathomable love. How unselfish has been that love! How you have toiled for them! How——

Boo! hoo! Your sobs shake the bed.

It's great! It is pure ecstasy to drift along in this way for an hour or two. And so cheap. Most pleasures cost money. This doesn't cost a cent.

There is a gender in self-pity. It is feminine. Men indulge in it once in a while, but only those men who are endowed with womanish traits. I am not sneering at such. Far from it. The finest men who exist to-day are men whose natures partake of the noble traits of women.

The greatest line of demarcation between individualities is the ego—not only the degree to which it is possessed, but the skill with which it is concealed, or the tactlessness by which it is permitted to predominate. Indulgent mothers who have reared spoiled daughters, who make selfish wives to poor young men, have raised up children unto self-pity. Doting fathers who never lay a command on petted girls have raised up children unto self-pity, for, when the judgment of the world begins to get in its work on these pampered pets, the easiest remedy which lies at hand is self-pity.

The foolish little wife, never taught any domestic science or household economy, and who thus makes large holes in husband's salary by her idiotic mistakes, is so ripe for self-pity that she scarcely needs our attention. Yet so many young wives, who are quite unable to bear even the gentlest reproach; who pout at a suggestion that they might change for the better; who weep if husband does not praise even their rankest failures at housekeeping, and who threaten "to go home to mother" at a sensible man's honest rebuke—these, ladies and gentlemen, are the likeliest recruits for the company of self-pity.

"George does not appreciate me," one will whisper. The next day it will be: "George does not love me, or he couldn't use such a tone to me." The third time it will be: "George never loved me. I never heard such language! And all because I bought another hat with the installment-money on the piano!"

Then comes the last charge of all—the fatal time when she begins to count up the money George spends on tobacco. And let me say, in passing, that it is an unwise husband who allows his wife to arrive at this station on the railroad of self-pity, unless nothing short of felling her to earth with a log could induce her to understand the rudiments of domestic economy. The time when she was in blissful ignorance of the amount of money which daily goes up in smoke was a happier time for you.

"Just look at the way I try to economize! Don't I use condensed milk in your coffee?—oh, I know you hate it, and I also realize that I don't drink coffee—but weren't you simply hateful last month about the bills? Where else could I economize on the housekeeping that I don't? You don't half know how I do try. Now, yesterday eggs were two prices—thirty and twenty-two cents a dozen. I suppose you think I bought the thirty-cent kind just to be wasting your money. No, sir, I didn't; I bought the cheap eggs—yet you don't seem to think of praising my thoughtfulness. You simply sit there making faces!

"*I* am not the one who is simply obliged to have a fifteen-cent cigar after dinner or else scent up the lace curtains with a nasty pipe that a man of decent feelings or any refinement would not subject his wife to. Oh, no! *I* am the one who is told to line her best dress with percaline, when you know as well as I do that, before I married you, I always had at least one dress a season lined with taffeta. I can tell you, George Jones, that if you loved me as much as you used to make me think you did you would give up smoking and put the money you just waste into letting me dress as other ladies in our set do.

"I never used to think of these things. I used to be so blindly in love with you that I thought all the money you spent on yourself was just lovely, and you used to think I was perfect, too. But when you began to pick flaws in me and show me where I could do better in this and improve in that, why—well, I began to see how ill used I was. It's just shameful, George. That's what it is. I declare I think it is the most pathetic sight in the world to see a generous woman married to a thoroughly selfish man!"

Boo! hoo!

Self-pity of even the simplest sort requires imagination. It indicates an enlarged ego. It advertises weakness of character. Strong men and women never pity themselves, even when other people realize that they, the strong, are imposed upon and furnish them with the text.

Generally the self-pitying are women—happily married women, often with children. Sometimes it is the type of the floosy-girl, petted to within an inch of her life before marriage; a pampered wife afterward—the idol of some fine, unselfish, heroic sort of man, who cannot see her remorseless vanity and who becomes a victim to her tearful tributes to her own worth.

I know a little, soft, feathery kitten of a woman—one who reminds me of a big, white fur muff, she is so fluffy and satin-lined, and such a costly luxury. She is an expensive superfluity, but pretty and attractive, and I suppose somebody must love her. But her conceit is such that if it rains she imagines that the Creator knew that she wanted to go to a garden party on that very day, and that He deliberately organized a thunderstorm in order to thwart her plans. She pities herself accordingly.

She takes no pleasure in her fine clothes, because everybody copies them so! If she coifs her hair in a new manner, all her enjoyment in setting a becoming fashion is lost because her housemaid immediately takes it up and so cheapens it that the mistress is forced to discard it. She makes a round of calls and invites her friends to sympathize with her in her grief.

One evening she appeared after an enforced period of seclusion, and before two or three intimate friends she began to hold forth to her hostess, Mrs. John Brown. At the first sound of her familiar purring, half-whining plaint, John Brown retired to his newspaper with a muttered apology. I have often wondered if she ever noticed that the John Brown sort of husband always chose the newspaper in preference to the chatter.

However, on this occasion she said:

"My dears, such a time as I have had! It seems ages since I've had a chance to put on a decent thing and get a glimpse of life, but my life just at present is compressed within the four walls of that nursery! Dear me! To hear Alfred talk you would think I was the most heartless mother that ever lived just because I wanted to emancipate myself from this baby and not be the slave to her that I was to the two boys. But oh, no! Alfred is not satisfied to have a wife give up one year out of her life to each child. Not he! Of course, *I* had to go and marry a man who is a fool over children and who thinks a wife's place is hanging over a cradle a whole year more! That is just my luck. I always was the most unlucky little person. The rest of my friends have sensible husbands, who don't care how their children are brought up, just so they are clean and don't bother them with their noise. But I, who adore life and amusement—and, if I do say it myself, I am tolerably well equipped to hold my own in society—and who never cared much for children, anyway—here am I, with three—*three*, mind you, at my age! I don't wonder you exchange glances!—and what is worse, with a husband who insists upon my devoting more time to them than any child ought to have. Children have no business to be the drain on a mother's time that mine are.

"It isn't fair! I declare I do think I am ill-used, and I am not the ailly sort, either. But don't you think that Alfred is unreasonable not to let the nurse have the baby at night? I pay her thirty dollars a month and her references are the best I ever saw. But Alfred says the highest-priced nurses, who know it all, are the ones who need watching the most, and he flew into a perfect fury when the baby suddenly dropped off to sleep after three hours of screaming with colic and he found the trained nurse had given her a teaspoonful of gin. He sent straight for the doctor, and, of course, the doctor, seeing how the land lay from Alfred's frenzied appearance, said the baby was drugged. Alfred said she was drunk. Think of using such an unrefined word to describe a little three-weeks-old baby, and a girl at that! But Alfred is so unrefined. Isn't it just my luck to have married a man who uses rough, coarse words, when I am so sensitive?

"What? Oh, about the baby? Why, Alfred dismissed the trained nurse, and got a hospital nurse—you know what I mean, one with a certificate of training from a hospital—and then moved the baby's crib into our bedroom at night—now that he has got a fine nurse, too. What do you think of that? And oh, what do you think he calls her hospital-certificate? Her dope-sheet! Isn't that coarse?

"So there I am, chained hand and foot to that child's crib and trying to keep peace between the nurse, who wants the entire care of the baby day and night in order to train her, and Alfred, who cross-examines her every evening as to what she has done, until she gives warning to me as regularly as he gets through with her. Now, tell me why such a husband as that should be inflicted upon poor little butterfly me! And why a woman who preferred to remain childless should have been saddled with three, and at my age! Why, I am only twenty-seven now! Isn't it actually pathetic? And, as you see, I do love society so!"

In Bernard Shaw's play, Man and Superman, there is depicted another type of self-pitying mother, the weak, wobbly, tearful sort, whose children bully her because, ever since they were born, she has laid the foundation for such bullying by a judicious system of over-indulgence one day, undue severity the next, neither being backed up by any will-power or sustained judgment. She never punishes; she only retaliates.

Able to be coaxed into any compliance, flattered out of any intended training, she vacillates between harshness and over-indulgence until she possesses the respect of neither husband nor children, when, realizing this truth, she calls passionately on her friends to pity her because she is reaping what she has sown with lavish hand.

I know her exact prototype in real life, but she is so unconscious of the spectacle she presents that if she were to see the play she would be as amused as the rest of us, and calmly discuss her points as bearing on the rest of the characters.

But that is a precise test of the genus self-pity. It never realizes what an exhibition it makes to the world.

By indulging in the habit of self-pity a woman simply dramatizes herself for her enemies.

I don't do it—much.

THE CROOKED TRAIL

By WILL PAYNE

"Someway I Can't Surrender and Bow My Head and Take the Punishment"

There was fever in his veins and it touched his brain. Coming to Chicago, despair had overtaken him It seemed to him that they had been betrayed and were walking into a trap. So Billy had proposed that, as soon as they reached the city, he should see Loman and borrow a hundred dollars. With this money Hal could take an evening train out of the city and lie under cover until Billy saw Slocum. Then he would wire Hal whether the banker proposed to keep the promise of the advertisement in the Messenger. If he did, Hal could return; if not, the broker could fly again.

"I went up to Eugene's office, too," Billy added gravely. "He had gone, so I sent a message to his house asking for the loan."

"Eugene won't do anything," said Hal bitterly.

"I think he will, Hal. We'll wait a little and see. And, Hal, I believe Mr. Slocum will carry out the agreement. I wouldn't be afraid," he said gently.

The ailing man looked up at him fiercely. "You don't know what I'm afraid of, Billy. It ain't the jail." He stopped abruptly, shutting his teeth. "We'll wait a while."

They waited an endless hour. No reply came.

"I can go up to his house, Hal," said Ettelson, with that gentleness that he had used all day.

Margrave stared up at the dingy ceiling. "No. I don't want you to. It's no use. Go to Slocum." He threw out the short sentences angrily.

Ettelson hesitated "Are you ready, Hal?" He laid his hand on his friend's brow. "Do you feel that you're ready for the trial?"

Margrave replied more calmly: "I'm ready, Billy. Go ahead. I am ready." He raised himself on his elbow. "Shake hands."

Ettelson took the feverish hand between his palms. "I'll send a message," he said simply, for the handshake expressed the rest. "Probably that's better than the telephone, the way things are."

He went out and sent this message to Mr. Slocum's house

"I am here. Can you meet me at the bank seven-thirty?" He signed his full name, and as he handed the sheet of yellow paper over the counter to the operator he said to himself:

"Our Father which art in Heaven."

The message was delivered to Mr. Slocum as he sat down to dinner. He had not looked in the Messenger, but all the afternoon he had known perfectly well in his soul that Peter was going ahead to entrap the fugitives.

The director had not appeared at the bank all day. He did not care to run the risk of any slip through Slocum's doddering, and so proposed to keep away until the job was finished. He had even taken the extreme precaution, toward evening, of spreading his nets against the arrival of the fugitives. Already twenty detectives were watching incoming trains and other possible points of vantage, although Peter supposed the men would not reach town until the next day.

This was Mr. Slocum's supposition also, and there were moments when he saw himself, at the crisis, boldly opposing Peter and insisting upon Margrave's release, as the decoy advertisement had promised.

The president was very miserable. It was one of those days, not infrequent with him, when he crept silently down to the secret corners of his soul and tried—so hard and furtively and futilely—to scrub his money and his reputation clean. He knew how they called his concern "Peter's bank," and by that term expressed all that was dubious and dirty about it. He knew there were honorable business men—fellow-bankers, fellow-club-members, fellow-churchmen—who lifted their eyebrows at him behind his back. And all the time honor and integrity were precious ideals to him, the full value of which he could feel. What he dreaded most of all was some possible scandal, some open and overwhelming disgrace.

His stout, amiable wife and his son and daughter glanced up inquiringly while he read the telegram. A consciousness that they thought him the pink of honor cut him like a knife.

"Have the carriage brought around," he said to the butler who had handed him the message; and, to the others: "I'm called to the bank."

X

THE Louvre European Hotel occupied the second and third floors of a three-story brick building on Harrison Street, near Clark. There was a large and disreputable saloon on the ground floor. At the head of the first flight of stairs the dingy little parlor with its three battered upholstered chairs was on one side, the equally dingy little office on the other. A hall ran through the middle of the building, with small bedrooms on each side.

In room Number 28, Hal Margrave lay on the bed, dressed, with a quilt over him, for it was chilly there.

At half-past five Ettelson came in and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I couldn't make it, Hal," he said. "I had to hang around a few minutes to get a chance to speak to Loman, and when I did get the chance he turned me down. I'm sorry."

"No matter," Hal replied. "They're all wolves, Billy. They want our blood."

He had no plan, particularly, and felt himself bound to the wheel. But he might possibly see Ettelson before Peter was aware of his presence, and so still slip out of the coil somehow.

The message to Eugene Margrave was delivered a little earlier. Eugene was not at home, however, and Jane opened it. It ran:

"We are in Louvre European Hotel, Harrison Street, off Clark. Hal ill. Wishes to go out of town before I see Slocum. No money. Can you send hundred dollars at once?"

Like the other message it was signed with Ettelson's name. Jane appreciated that there was need for haste, and Eugene had said he might be late to dinner. There was not a hundred dollars in the house, but she found sixty-five. Then she wrote across the message: "I have gone there," and left it with the maid for Eugene

It was quite dark when she left by the side door, but she saw the shape of a man by the bare lilac bush at the edge of the lawn. Somebody cutting cross-lots, she supposed; and hurried away. Once on the way to the suburban station, she noticed a man walking briskly in the same direction on the other side of the street, and after she left the suburban train, as she hastened along Fifth Avenue, which was now little peopled, she was aware that somebody was walking close behind her. But she paid no attention to that.

Walking rapidly she entered the dubious region of lower Clark Street, where pawnshops and gaudy saloons alternated. It was night now. Raucous phonographs and flatted pianos sounded in the saloons. Men who might have frightened her at another time stared into her face. As she approached the corner of Harrison Street, four loafers stepped down from a saloon door in front of her. One of them laughed unpleasantly as she sought, quickly, to turn around them. Then the man who had followed stepped briskly by and elbowed the loafers sharply aside. They merely looked at him and fell away. Jane glanced up at the stranger, uncertain whether it had been a courtesy to her or a mere street incident.

She kept on rapidly, turned the corner, and saw the sign of the hotel in a large red transparency that was the worse for wear. A door, flush with the street, gave to the stairs. Her heart was beating high and, in her nervousness, she had a little trouble with the latch. The humorous idea of stepping forward, politely, and opening the door for her occurred to the stranger. He was in high spirits, for there was a tidy little reward to stimulate his professional zeal. When he had been set to watch the lawyer's house his chance at the reward had looked slim enough, but luck seemed to be with him. Jane got the door open and ran upstairs. She found her way down the hall to room Number 28, tapped, and was admitted. The stranger, darting nimbly forward and applying his ear to the keyhole, heard her exclaim:

"Oh, Hal!"—and: "I've brought the money—all there was in the house."

He hesitated a moment, but luck had been with him. So he took the chance of running downstairs and telephoning to the residence of Mr. Manuel Peter.

It took a moment for the two inside the room to realize each other.

"Eugene wasn't at home," Jane was saying. She bent over Margrave. "You are ill, Hal?"

"A cold," he replied mechanically. He had not taken his eyes from her face. She brought back to him home, his own wife, the time when he had been free and hopeful and happy. He had sat up on the edge of the bed as soon as she stepped in, in answer to his call.

"I've brought some money," she said. "Where is Ettelson?"

He spoke in the same mechanical way, his eyes on her face. "He's started for the bank. Billy is going to give himself up. He's going to take his punishment, so they will let me go free"

"Ettelson is?" She could hardly understand it; but she sat down beside him.

The broker nodded. "Jane—maybe you've brought me some luck"

"You have been ill!" she murmured. She saw it plainly enough in his face.

He touched his breast, and went on evenly: "I'm pretty sick in here I know all I've done. I know what my wife and others have suffered for it. I know what Billy is doing for me now. Someway I can't do what he is doing—surrender and bow my head and take the punishment, efface myself and all that. I can't do it. But I see all the mistakes I've made clearly enough. I want the chance to start right and keep right, pay for what I've made others suffer by doing right and helping them all I can. It makes me wild to think they won't let me do that—that they're bound to nail me to the mistakes, as though I didn't see them more clearly than anybody else. That's what I am afraid of more than anything else—that they'll nail me to it so I never can get away from it. I want the chance to go right Since you've come, Jane"—he nodded again, and his voice sank to a whisper—"I guess I'm going to have it."

"Oh, I hope you will, Hal! I'm sure you will!" she cried.

So the Fugitives Had Come Already!

He drew a long sigh. "You make my heart beat once more," he said.

The door opened and the large stranger entered. Margrave read his fate at a glance and did not even rise. He looked at Jane. "The dogs get me, after all," he said.

"If you wish to go quietly I won't take the trouble to call the police," said the stranger.

"Where?" Hal asked.

"Over to the bank," the stranger smiled. "Ettelson is over there, it seems."

Margrave arose and began putting on his overcoat. Jane threw her arms around him. "This is what I brought, Hal! He followed me!"

"Never mind, Jane. The dogs were bound to get me, anyway," he replied.

"I'd like Mrs. Margrave to go along with us," the detective suggested affably.

"Go along?" she repeated.

"Go over to the bank with us. You see, I shouldn't care to have anybody send word to Mr. Ettelson there before I arrive."

They set out, Jane and Hal side by side, the detective at their heels. When they reached Jackson Boulevard they turned west to La Salle Street.

That cañon of finance wore its usually shut-down and empty evening air. Here and there a window, in the darkling bulk of a sky-scraper, glowed with light. A few electrics, for the benefit of the night watchmen, burned in the ground-floor offices of brokers and in the banks. A rare foot passenger trudged along the deserted flagging, and once in a while a cab rattled noisily through, bound for a railroad station.

One of these intermittent cabs drew up at the base of the cliff that housed the People's National Bank, and Mr Voss alighted from it. He had left his suit-case in the bank and taken dinner downtown. His train left at eight o'clock and he was now on his way to it. The cigar-stand, newsstand and telegraph-booth in the rotunda were closed and empty. The vice-president glanced up mechanically as he ascended the broad marble steps that led to the bank. He noticed that the small door at the right, which was used after banking hours, stood slightly ajar, but there was nothing remarkable in that. As his feet sounded on the tile floor within, one of the two night policemen, who was perched on a high stool by the main door, looked around and nodded. His fellow was lounging against the counter at the upper end of the bank. Mr. Voss instantly noticed that the wide sheets of glass which formed the upper part of the partition that inclosed the president's room were aglow with light. He stopped short.

"Mr. Slocum?" he inquired, under his breath. The watchmen nodded.

The president's room was built into an angle of the general bank office beside the main entrance. There was a door in front and another at the side, giving to the space behind the bank counter. Mr. Voss moved briskly and quietly to the side door, where neither watchmen could observe him. It was a swinging door, with a small interstice between its edge and the casing—an excellent peephole. Applying his eye to it, the vice-president had no difficulty in making out his chief and Billy Ettelson.

So the fugitives had come already!

Mr. Voss felt the hand of fate upon his shoulder. He had so felt it many a time before—perhaps strongest of all as he stood by the bed and looked down upon the dead face of his brother-in-law. He could scarcely have told why he kept up the game unless it was that it had become a strange, obsessing contest at chess which he some way could not leave until he had made the last possible move.

He heard Ettelson saying: "Of course, I am guilty, Mr. Slocum. I am ready to take my punishment."

And Mr. Slocum: "Billy, how came you to do it? What led you into it?"

Mr. Voss stepped back from the door. It seemed hardly more than the turn of a hair whether he should go in or go away. He thought he scarcely knew which he was going to do. Yet his hands moved of themselves over the chessboard; and he walked across to his large, high-backed desk which stood beside the counter. A noise at the door made him look up, and he saw four persons enter.

They were the detective and Hal Margrave, Jane and Eugene, whom the others had encountered as he was hurrying to the hotel. The policeman slipped from his stool to intercept them, and there was a second of low talk between him and the detective. Mr. Voss could see Jane's face very plainly, and he saw her slip her arm across Margrave's shoulders.

Also, he saw the figure of Mr. Manuel Peter burst in at the little door.

The capitalist paused abruptly and took in the group at one hawk-swoop of his sloe-black eyes.

"Where's Ettelson?" he demanded.

"I expect to find him there." The detective indicated the door of the president's room.

Again Mr. Peter surveyed the group. "What's the woman doing here?"

It seemed merely a wanton slap in the face, but Mr. Peter had made up his mind to carry it with a high hand from the start and give no room for maudlin sentiment.

Eugene flushed angrily. "She is my wife."

"Send her home," said Peter sententiously; and, to the detective: "Come on with your man." He started for the president's room. The detective, his hand on Hal's arm, followed.

"I'm going in, Jane," said Eugene quickly, and went with them.

The policeman, mindful of Mr. Peter's injunction, but embarrassed, stood considering Jane, who was looking at the still oscillating door to the president's room, her hands twisted together.

"Guess you'd better be going, ma'am," said the embarrassed policeman, and touched her arm awkwardly.

She started and drew back from the touch. "Oh, let me stay!" she entreated.

He shook his head. "You be going now," he said with firmer authority, while the frightened woman, her lips apart, looked up at him.

Mr. Voss stepped briskly from his desk. "It's all right, Mulligan," he said.

"Mr. Voss!" It was a cry of relief, and for a moment she clung nervously to his arm, her breast fluttering.

"He meant no harm," the vice-president said quietly. He led her over to the bench which stood at the end of the counter for the convenience of those who waited to see some officer of the bank.

She breathed easier, and, after a moment, even smiled slightly and shook her head. "I don't know why it should have startled me so—the man touching me I've been with Hal, you know—when he was arrested—and this man's uniform—it seemed to me for an instant that he was arresting me." She paused a moment, recovering her breath more fully, and bent toward him whispering: "The prison walls closed in around me." Slow tears came up in her eyes.

The elderly, clerkly, pudgy man was wholly absorbed in watching her face. He thought it an exceedingly beautiful face—the eyes and lips especially.

He forgot to say anything by way of reply. So she spoke again, still very low, a glistening drop clinging to her eyelash. "Do you think—is there no hope?"

"Mr. Peter is very determined," he replied with a certain vagueness.

"It isn't that they haven't done wrong. Of course, they have broken the law. But—I've been talking to Hal. He knows all the wrong—but he wishes a chance. He can't accept the punishment yet. No one ought to be punished, Mr. Voss, until he can accept it. With Hal—oh, it's like whipping a child when it fights and shrieks and rages. It is dreadful." Her voice caught and broke in a little sob—a sound infinitely penetrating, which contained all the sweetness and tenderness of her sex.

Mr. Voss glanced up at the large clock over the door. He had seven minutes in which to catch his train.

"I was going out," he said, and added, "Wait here a minute."

There was a cell of his brain in which he was interested by the fact that some other hand had reached out and begun to rearrange his chessboard.

Jane, waiting, saw him go to his desk, lift a suit-case to the counter and take from it what looked like a bulky letter. He tore off the envelope and inclosed the letter in another, which he put in his pocket. Then he shut the suit-case, set it on the floor and came back to her.

"I want you to come a little way with me," he said. Then added: "Something may be done."

She rose with a dawning eagerness and went with him.

He paused at the door and spoke to the policeman. "Admit this young lady when she returns, Mulligan, and take her to Mr. Slocum."

The policeman bowed respectfully, and they went out, turning north in the cold, still street. They had reached the first corner before Mr. Voss spoke.

"I appreciate what you say about punishing people before they are ready," he said. "Finally, we can't avoid the punishment, and in time we will realize that. There will come a time when we will bow our heads and accept it. Then it is not degrading, but a fulfillment."

"Yes," Jane murmured perfunctorily, for she had expected to hear something about a hope for the fugitives.

Mr. Voss seemed not to notice the rather blank tone. He toddled on, his head down, absorbed.

"We should accept the punishment with dignity. There is a kind of integrity in that. Integrity is an odd thing, Jane. A man may suppose that he has it, and if sin jumped out in front of him—a big, black monster with horns and tail—he would have it and say: 'Get thee behind me.' But so often it don't come that way at all. It looks almost innocent, you know, and the man may find all his affections and generosity pleading for it. It may look to him mean and almost a sin not to do it. Then, when he has done it, he finds that he's fallen into a pit that he can't get out of."

"I think it was so with them," she said—partly wishing to remind him.

"It was about so with Billy," said Mr. Voss. "He can't get out of his pit, and everything in his nature that comes in touch with his sin gets changed and corrupted by it. A man that meant only kindness and good will may come to do the most abominable things." He looked up at her. "We saw that when Hal Margrave was ready to betray his friend."

"Oh, yes," she assented quickly. "But—Mr. Voss—you really think there may be a chance for them?" She leaned eagerly toward him.

"There may be a chance, Jane," he replied quietly. "I hope and believe there is. I am very glad of it. They are young men. It's hard for them to give up part of their lives."

They had come to the corner of Randolph Street. A cable train, north bound, was curving into the tunnel. The vice-president stopped.

"You can't tell about that, either, Jane—I mean to whom life is dear." He was looking up at her and speaking in his matter-of-fact way. "It's been dear to me, for example, though many people would not see why. I've always been a dusty, clerkly, plodding fellow, with no wife or children and no great ambition, living along methodically, you know. But it was very good, indeed, Jane, with my little place up there on the shore and my puttering around with my flowers and paddling around the lake—for I always strangely loved the lake, even in storms and midwinter. I often loiter along the heaps of shore-ice I never was one of those, you know, that wanted to plunge into life headlong and seize something and carry it off I just sat by and watched it, and loved it very much."

"I know! I know! I've always felt that, Mr. Voss. It was what made me love you."

"Yes, we always understood each other, Jane," he replied soberly. "We will take this car."

A cable train was drawing up. They boarded it and rode through the tunnel and for some distance north in silence.

"Because we understood each other," said Mr. Voss, "that's why I wanted you to go away with me to-night. Then I want you to take something back to the bank. I find it necessary to go away for a while."

Jane noticed that they were passing Division Street. Her nerves ached dully from the crisis.

Mr. Voss spoke again, very simply: "You have always been lovely to me. I've sometimes thought it would have been far different with me if I'd had a wife and children I am very fond of children. My sister's youngsters have had a great hold on my heart. It was partly on account of them that I once did a foolish thing which finally made a bad man of me."

She bent toward him, smiling. "Oh! You a bad man!"

"Not to you," he replied soberly. "But, as I said before, temptation comes. It is true I resisted the very greatest temptation that ever came to me—the very greatest and most overwhelming temptation of my life."

For an odd moment, as he looked into her dear eyes and at the tender curve of her red lips, he wondered whether he might not tell her, then, that this greatest temptation was to ask her to be his wife—in the days before he was aware of Eugene and when it seemed that she and her mother were left unprovided. He put it aside

"I wasn't so fortunate with some other temptations, however," he said, and turned to the car-window to see where they were. "The next corner is ours."

It was the corner of Clark Street and North Avenue. He left her a moment under the awning of the hotel while he stepped inside. The wintry, snow-bound reaches of the park, made picturesque by the bright little moons of the arc lamps, lay before her, and she could hear the talk of the lake to the icy shore at the right. Mr. Voss was gone hardly a minute, and when he returned he had in his hand the package which he had taken from the suit-case, with an added sheet inside and a penciled direction on the envelope

"I Stand for the Bank First, Last and All the Time"

"I wish you to go back to the bank at once and give this to your husband," he said. "The officer will admit you, you know. If they should be gone from the bank, find Eugene immediately, and give him this." He smiled slightly. "I had to be a bit selfish and cowardly all through, you see Forgive me for it. Good-by, Jane." He lifted his hat

"Oh! You're going?" She kept his hand. "But when will I see you again, Mr. Voss?"

"I can't tell exactly," he replied calmly. He touched the package in her hand. "This is about Ettelson and Margrave. Lose no time. Here comes your car."

"I will lose no time. Good-by. Good-by."

He stood for a moment watching her graceful and vigorous figure as she boarded the car. She waved to him from the platform and he raised his hat again.

He looked after the car a moment, then lit a cigar that he had bought in the hotel office, turned up his coat collar and walked east toward the lake. He often stopped at the hotel to buy a cigar which he smoked as he walked home through the park along the lake shore.

XI

THE contest continued in the president's room, Eugene fighting for delay as best he could.

Mr. Peter had the floor now, his bulk dominating the room. The president himself paced miserably back and forth by the bay-window. Ettelson and Margrave sat together against the opposite wall, the detective standing over them. Eugene sat on the corner of the table in the middle of the room, pale with wrath, his jaw extended and his eyes flaming.

"I tell you, it was the devil's own trick, Peter! You took Ettelson's letter and decoyed them here. You can go ahead and prosecute them, but it will be the fight of your life. I know some dirty things in your career and in the bank's career. I can unearth plenty more. And I'll do it. I'll take the insides out of you and out of this bank and spread 'em along the sidewalk where anybody that pleases can step up and have a look at 'em. There isn't a barrel-house bum in town that will envy you your reputation when I get through."

Mr. Peter turned to the president. "You see, I was right, Slocum," he said. "We ought to have called Mulligan and had this beggar thrown out of the bank at first. A gabby, blackguard, half-baked fool of a lawyer makes trouble everywhere. If he don't shut up I'll have him thrown out now, whether you like it or not." He whirled around and stepped to the table, his eyes on Eugene, his finger wagging menacingly.

"You listen to me a minute again, and all of you listen," he continued. "It's just as well for you to know where I stand. I stand for the bank first, last and all the time. There's been a lot of wobbling around over this business from the beginning. People have been sentimental and sanctimonious, and Heaven knows what all. I've been the only one that's been steady on his pins from the beginning, and that's because I've treated it as a business matter. With me it's been what was for the best interests of the bank. It's for the best interests of the bank that these two fellows that robbed it go to the penitentiary. That will be a hully insurance against more embezzlement. I'll give ten dollars more a share for People's National stock, or for the stock of any bank in Chicago, with these fellows locked up. It's worth just that much. You can bleat and blubber till the cows come home. They're going to be locked up. They're in the hands of the law right now. Who's going to take them out?"

"They are not in the hands of the law," Eugene retorted. "They are merely in the hands of a private detective, who has no more power to hold them, in law, than I have. So far as the law is concerned, there isn't the scratch of a pen against them."

"Glad you mentioned it," said Mr. Peter. "We'll remedy that and stop the jaw-festival in two minutes." He bent over and pressed a button on the desk. The policeman stepped in.

"Run down to the corner, Mulligan, and tell Mr. Slocum's coachman to drive the carriage up to the bank," said the director. When Mulligan stepped out he turned to the detective: "You take these fellows around to the Harrison Street police-station in Slocum's carriage. I'll go along and enter the complaint against them. Handcuff 'em," he added, as a final flourish.

The detective calmly produced a pair of handcuffs from his overcoat pocket.

Hal Margrave leaped up, white and trembling. "I'll brain him! He's not an officer!" he cried

"We'll call in the other policeman to do it, if you prefer," said Peter

Ettelson stood up and put an arm over Hal's shoulders. "I wished to suffer this for both of us, Hal," he said. "It was all I asked. But they will not let me, you see. It's useless to resist. We must suffer it together." He took the handcuffs from the detective, snapped one on his own wrist, then took Hal's hand between his palms and waited

Margrave looked into his friend's calm eyes, and hung his head. "Well—from you, Billy," he said.

Ettelson lifted the inert hand. His lips quivered. He sprung the slim steel band around the wrist. "It is done, Hal," he said.

Mr. Slocum dropped in a chair and put his hands over his face. He wished himself in Ettelson's place.

"Now then!" said Peter to the detective, loudly and roughly. But the door opened and Jane ran in.

"Wait! A package! From Mr. Voss!" She thrust the envelope into Eugene's hand.

Mr. Slocum looked up. Mr. Peter frowned, impatient and surprised, and tugged at the bristling mustache. He was on the point of interrupting with a peremptory command.

(Continued on Page 25)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ A grafter exposed is a grafter deposed.

¶ Live assurance—some recent life insurance.

¶ The girl's "Yes" need not be spoken. The eyes have it.

¶ Invention should not rest until it finds an automatic sprinkler for the hot-air person.

¶ There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught—including both sharks and suckers.

¶ A man who can calmly accept sneers to-day will not be spoiled by congratulations to-morrow.

¶ Action without purpose and direction is of little value. A grasshopper has more action than a bee.

¶ The only man braver than the hero who fears not ridicule is he who fears it and yet faces it in a good cause.

¶ A speculator is an optimist who is confident that he will win when he loses and sure he will never lose when he wins.

¶ In the latest division of modern society the classes ride in autos and the masses are merely persons who get run over

¶ Perhaps the angels make their visits "few and far between" because, like mortals, they dread the guest-chambers.

¶ High society is a fanciful name given to people who arrive they know not where and pay a lot of money for staying there.

¶ Religious revivals follow civic reforms in American cities. That is the proper order. A community that professes piety and condones graft has moral astigmatism.

¶ There is no money in poetry is the comment of this most commercial of ages. And as there is no poetry in money, it is not necessary to count the pros and cons. The verdict is all for the prose.

Civil Service in Practice

IT WILL be regrettable if the investigation of department methods at Washington does not bring out with great clearness the indubitable fact that the civil service reform system is simply a confession of colossal incompetence and dishonesty.

If Washington alone were concerned the subject would be less serious. But the civil service reform idea was so popular that the system has been introduced not only in governmental offices generally, but in many large private businesses. The managers of these businesses—banks, factories and railroad offices and the like—have even had the poor judgment and bad taste to boast of it

The object sought by the civil service reformers was, of course, an eminently good and useful one—namely, to overthrow the rotten spoils régime under which government posts were frankly treated as so much political loot and appointments were made almost wholly as a reward for political services. The means they adopted consisted of taking away from the chiefs, so far as possible, all power of appointing, advancing or discharging employees. Probably these means are justifiable where the competence and honesty of the chiefs cannot be depended upon. That their adoption and strict application will change any staff from a living organism to a dead machine must be apparent to everybody who has sufficient knowledge of men to form an intelligent opinion on the subject.

The system corrupts the chief by deadening that lively and intimate sense of responsibility for the men under him which he ought to have and which will knit him and themselves into a quick working unit. It corrupts the employee by detaching him from his chief and by weighting his ambition with perfectly mechanical processes of advancement. The system was adopted to correct a monstrous evil; not that it was in any wise admirable in itself. For a private enterprise to adopt it—and boast of the fact—is like a man with sound joints putting his legs in heavy steel braces and thinking he has done something wise.

What Does the Public Want?

THE number of American business men who take an active part in politics would be much larger than it is if there were no elections.

The man, especially the young man, is really interested in public affairs. He is against the corrupt tyranny of the machine. He sees crying abuses that should be corrected. Stupid, injurious measures are proposed that should be defeated. Policies that are obviously for the public good should succeed. He allies himself with the most intelligent reform movement. He reads and quotes the newspaper which champions that movement and is inspirited by its daily eloquent assurance that the public is aroused, that the day of its redemption from the oppressors is at hand. Then comes the voting. And the gang is elected by a large majority. The stupid measure triumphs. The intelligent policy is snowed under.

Now, for all purposes of practical politics a majority of those voting constitute the public. Their decision is an expression of the sovereign popular will So the young man is forced to the distressing conclusion that it is the public itself which is befooling, corrupting, trampling upon and tyrannizing over the public. This sad thought is a great blow to his interest in politics.

Every newspaper, by virtue of some mysterious authorization known only to itself, speaks for the public. The journal with a handful of readers, which never in its life advocated a candidate or a measure that succeeded at the polls, goes on year after year solemnly declaring what the public thinks and wishes and is going to do. A dozen captains of industry, gathering at a club and agreeing with one another, severally go forth in the blissful assurance that public opinion is so and so.

No doubt this fact that everybody, journalistic and lay, speaks so confidently for the public while nobody living knows what the public thinks on any subject except immediately after an election—led the late Mr. Vanderbilt, in a moment of irritation, to make his famous and profane observation concerning the public

The Men Behind the Masks

ON THE same day that Mr. Robert Bacon, of New York, was appointed Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, also more or less of New York, received a delegation of professional press humorists and amiably cracked an amateur joke on his doctor in their presence. These are splendid signs. Mr. Bacon was a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., a large figure in Wall Street, and one of the highest practitioners of high finance. Everybody knows who Mr. Rockefeller is. There is evidently a disposition to regard the double handful of beings who do business in a highly conspicuous manner on the little plot of ground between Liberty Street and Bowling Green on the north and south and Broadway and the elevated road on the east and west as a species radically differentiated from human kind—a sort of cross between a genius and a ravening monster for whom the right name has not been found, although many names have been tried. The beings themselves are partly responsible, for they foolishly shun the public gaze. It is an excellent thing to coax them into full view as often as possible, so that every one may see that they walk on two legs, wear clothes and grin blushingly when nice things are said to them. If it can be established that they are merely men, after all, much that is said about them, both in praise and blame, will sound idiotic enough.

A New Apple of Discord

"IN THE human species," says a young biologist, "the female is more beautiful than the male—the reverse of the conditions in so many other species."

So? There are those who would say that it would not take a Monsieur Dupin to discover from that statement that its writer was of the male sex, and to surmise that he had been, or hoped to be, in love. On the other side, there is Schopenhauer's assertion that only the lunacy of the passion of love could make man see beauty in the "undersized, short-legged, wide-hipped, narrow-shouldered sex." Is the biologist quoted above scientific or gallant? Is Schopenhauer sage or cynic? Is man or woman the more comely?

It is a matter not to be decided offhand. It is one in which candid opinions, with the writer's name attached, ought not to be expected. It is one for silent, inward debate, not for whiling away the between-gushes of courtship—hardly one for the domestic breakfast-table.

Are the women really better looking, or do they only seem so?

A Gold Brick We All Buy

ACCORDING to the president of the Woman's International Rescue League, there are to-day in the United States "no less than 50,000 women who have been married, robbed and deserted by professional bigamists." All power and success to the league in its efforts at rescue! However, bigamy is already strictly punished in nearly or quite all States, and over against the picture of the 50,000 victims may be seen a tolerably numerous and continuous procession of bigamous gentlemen on the way to various penal institutions.

Unless we are willing to go the length of keeping all males of marriageable age under lock and key except when checked out and accompanied by a lawful spouse there will always be some bigamy.

The point is that no possible legislative ingenuity or constabulary vigilance can possibly eliminate swindling until human nature advances to that perfect state where nobody is credulous and nobody is crafty. If there were not some thousands of women who have been swindled by bigamists there would not be some hundreds of thousands of men who have been redeemed solely through marriage to women who loved them and believed in them on pretty scanty tangible evidence. If farmers could never be swindled by lightning-rod agents there would not have been the faith that built the Pacific roads. True, this philosophy is far more consoling to the onlooker than to the victim. It is said of a certain man worth a great many millions that he never made an unprofitable investment in his life. His heirs may admire the trait; but his contemporaries did not find him lovely.

That Terrible Business Strain

THE Chicago Board of Health has compiled some interesting statistics which show that deaths from nervous disorders have materially decreased in the Windy City of late years. This is not at all because the business pace has slackened or because men are less burdened with affairs. It is because golf and country clubs have come into vogue, and, as a rule, business men are conducting themselves more sensibly when away from their desks.

The dragon of overwork, which is represented as annually devouring the flower of our commercial manhood in the great centres, is in sober fact hardly more deadly than his papier-mâché brother in the opera of Siegfried. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it isn't what you do when in the office, but what you do when away from it, that determines the state of your nervous system. The bartender and other servitors of the lower nature could throw a great flood of light on those horrifying stories about the devastation wrought by business strain.

Not long ago the builder of a large commercial enterprise was gathered to his fathers in middle age and in a very shattered condition. The fact furnished a text for various preachments about the deadliness of modern business—in which, however, no mention was made of the two pints of whisky, the twenty black cigars and the several hours' devotion to the poker-table which figured in the daily regimen of the deceased, and which presumably had something to do with the wreck of his nerves.

Inevitable Revolution

IN RUSSIA the supporters, which means the beneficiaries, of the present "government" of loot and shoot are calling for peace and submission at home on the ground that the revolutionary agitation is "bad for business." And so it is. But there comes a time in a disordered society—whether the disorder proceed from caste tyranny or the oppressions of monopoly—when the only way to save business from utter destruction is doing the things that do temporarily seem to aggravate the ills they seek to cure. That time has come to Russia; and so, some sort of revolution is inevitable.

Even at this early stage, the Czar is himself authorizing measures which it would have been revolutionary treason to hint at, much less propose, a year ago. Not always in cataclysms of blood and chaos do revolutions come about. Often, most increasingly often in this day of press and people, the most radical changes are made so peacefully that Revolution hardly recognizes her own well-behaved, innocent-faced children

THE AFRICAN RIDDLE

Another Side of Mr. Dixon's Negro Question

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

Professor of History in Harvard University

OUT of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness"—so ran Samson's famous riddle, which turns upon the familiar fact that in the midst of the evil and the foul there is often an unexpected industry and plenty. To nothing is the homely contrast of the swarm of bees and honey in the midst of a decaying carcass more applicable than to the results of African slavery in America, so strong, so fierce, so overcoming in its life, yet furnishing such materials for a new and busy social organization, now that it is gone.

All is not honey and sweetness in the South by any means, and from week to week new books and new articles from Southern whites, from negroes and from Northern observers show that the riddle is not yet solved; at the same time they bring out striking and often humorous contrasts between the points of view, not only of different writers, but of the same writers It may be worth while to recall that these difficulties of understanding and explaining what we call the negro question, or the race question, or the Southern question, are almost as old as American history; and that anybody who attempts to solve that problem by an offhand generalization will find himself in conflict with some of the deepest-laid principles of American character and government, and will very likely discover that he is fighting his own fundamental conceptions.

The first of the queer things about the negro question is that it should exist at all in America. From the dawn of time that race has had its seat in Africa; it has never been a conquering people; the Egyptians and the Moors are not negroes, and if they had been, their relations would have brought about a negro question in Southern Europe, and not across a tempestuous ocean. We might expect to find a race of negro slaves, or former slaves, in Spain, or France, or Italy; but what the devil did the negro want in our galley?

A Shameful Legacy

TRULY he wanted nothing. To this day there are practically no voluntary immigrants of the African race in the United States; Africa had to run with blood and resound with shrieks for centuries in order to push a few hundred thousand poor wretches to the coast so that our ancestors could get at them, and thereby hand down to us anxiety, sectional strife and race hostility. It is whimsical that to the Indian problem, which was acute for two centuries and a half, should have been added a negro problem. And all that woe in Africa and confusion in America could have been avoided if our ancestors had had the sense to understand that there were plenty of whites to colonize the new world! The South and Southwest might have been peopled, exactly as the North and Northwest have been, by swarms of European immigration, without a single slave or a single negro. How much happier America would be if we could solve the negro problem by turning the clock backward three centuries!

A special reason why our ancestors ought to have saved us our present troubles is that they not only introduced a savage race, but made them slaves, and thereby deliberately violated their own principles, religious, political and social. Since chattel slavery, except as a punishment for crime, died out in England before colonization, our ancestors had to reinvent it; and although after the Revolution they attempted to throw back the responsibility upon the British Government, it was a poor subterfuge. That Government, to be sure, systematically annulled most of the colonial laws for regulation of the slave trade; but the colonies passed those laws either to get a revenue out of the trade or to prevent a dangerous increase in the number of slaves; they did not object to a profit in the slave trade, but that somebody else should get that profit. From the beginning to the end it was in the power of the colonies to drive slavery out by humane legislation and discriminating taxes; yet all sections, New England, Middle and Southern, received slaves, held slaves, and defended slavery

In doing so, all sections sinned against their own religious principles; they saw as clearly as we do that slavery was in its nature a denial of the brotherhood of man and the common fatherhood of God. At first they claimed the right only to enslave pagans, but when masters refused to allow their slaves to be baptized, the kind-hearted colonial governments stepped in and enacted that it was also lawful to hold a Christian in bondage. The religious argument against slavery, although frequently put forward, produced very little effect until the abolitionists took it up seventy years ago; and then it was met by the most delightfully selfish and naïve perversions of Scripture: "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, . . . nor his manservant, nor his maidservant." "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh!" That settled the intention of the Almighty that the Anglo-Saxon should hold the African in bondage. Yet side by side with this Biblical privilege of enslaving the negro went a queer sense of moral responsibility to him, and a self-congratulation that the barbarous African had been drawn out of the bottomless pit of his native heathendom, and brought within the Christianizing influence of the overseer and the hoe gang. Here was confusion worse confounded: if the negro was to be Christianized, he ought to have the Bible and the right of private judgment on religion; but to more than nine-tenths of the slaves the Bible was always, and necessarily, a sealed book

Quite as abrupt and bizarre was the contrast between slavery and the magnificent appeals to human freedom which our ancestors made, especially during the Revolution. What did it mean when the Declaration of Independence declared that all men "are created equal," and the Virginia Declaration of Rights held that "all men are by nature free and independent"? They meant, of course, all men who participated in the political community; but that left out not only the slaves but about three-fourths of the adult white men, who, under the property qualifications of the time, were not voters; and it included a few negroes who, even in some of the Southern States, had the necessary qualifications for the suffrage. The truth is that the Declaration of Independence and slavery were mutually incompatible; and later the slave power recognized that truth by scoffing at the Declaration, and even came to the point where one advocate of slavery declared that "Slavery is the foundation of every well-designed and durable republican edifice"

With or without any declaration to that effect, there was a practical equality among the American farmers and frontiersmen; they moved when they liked, set up new communities, and chose their own careers; the great American principle of equality of opportunity was open to all free men No, not to all free men, for there was a numerous and increasing class of free negroes who were in themselves a whimsical but humane contradiction to the excuses for slavery If the negroes were degraded, incapable of taking care of themselves, dangerous, why should not they all be slaves? On the other hand, if only the brutal and incapable could rightfully be made slaves, why should not that principle cover the lowest stratum of the whites, many of whom, in the opinion of the slaveholders, were inferior to good slaves? In the heat of the abolition controversy some Southern writers accepted the latter horn of the dilemma, and urged that Northern mechanics, and even their own poor white neighbors, ought to be enslaved

The Paradox of Slavery

THAT difficulty still exists whenever the negro question is discussed. If the race is to be kept down because it is ignorant and debased, why does not the same principle apply to white people of the same degree of intellectual and moral advancement? If men are to be treated on their merits, what are you going to do with good black men? The only short-cut out of this difficulty has occasionally been put forward by extreme Southern writers, namely, that the negro is not a man at all, not one of those for whom Christ died, not subject to the lofty principles of government of the people, by the people and for the people, no part of the political community; an individual, as Chief Justice Taney expressed it, "not entitled to any rights that the white man is bound to respect." This theory, though distinctly put forth by very few persons, does undoubtedly lie at the root of much of the so-called discussion of the Southern question, which assumes that the negro exists only for the use and benefit of the white race; but it is contrary to the practice of centuries in allowing free negroes; and it is absolutely contradicted by the notorious and patent fact that two million or more of the so-called negroes have white blood, and some hundreds of thousands are more white than black

Whenever a Northern writer mentions this question of the mixture of races he is accused by the Southern press of indelicacy, although no question is so frequently discussed and with such plainness of phrase by Southerners of all classes. This mixture of races began at the very outset of negro slavery in America. It was noticed by every traveler and observer throughout slavery times. It involved the most hideous of all the results of slavery: a master's son or daughter working in the fields under the driver's whip, or sold under the hammer to pay the father's debts. In not one case in ten thousand was the mulatto the child of a white mother; they sprang from the passions of the men of the dominant race. These are ugly truths,

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and we hope that they represent a bygone régime. Certainly the reprobation of Southern public opinion is much stronger on this matter than it used to be; and most of the young mulatto children are the children of mulatto parents, and not of white fathers.

No part of the whole negro question is so beset with grotesque contradictions as this. On one side we are assured that there is a divinely implanted racial aversion, which must forever keep the races from uniting; on the other hand, whole volumes, like Professor Smith's Color Line, are devoted to showing the awful and imminent danger of amalgamation. Some of the most intelligent and public-spirited Southern people feel sure that the real race question is whether, in the long run, the lowest stratum of white men will not marry daughters of the well-to-do negro families in their neighborhood.

Through the two millions or more of mulattos in the United States chiefly comes the question of personal relations with the whites which in the minds of the Southerners always means a disturbance of crystallized society; for the mulattos undoubtedly include most of the best-endowed, best-provided and best-mannered members of the race. There is the usual contradiction of opinion with regard to these mixed bloods: the same writer will tell you that the mulattos are feebler, more vicious and more unhealthy than the pure negroes, and in the same breath that all the negro leaders are mulattos. If Booker Washington founds a great school, or Du Bois writes a great book, they are told that their white blood is responsible for such achievements; if they offer to ride in the same car with a white man, they are bidden to betake themselves to the Jim Crow car.

By all American principles, the discrimination against respectable colored people, and especially against persons who are almost indistinguishable from whites, is unjust and absurd. The college catalogues of the land are starred with the names of Irishmen, Scotchmen, Germans, Italians, Armenians, Poles, Finns, Russians, and a dozen other nationalities, and the bearers are admitted without question to the society of their fellows. Indian full-bloods and half-breeds can ride on any train or attend any public performance. Chinese and Japanese gentlemen are treated as gentlemen throughout the world, except by the customs authorities of the United States. In European countries even the negroes are received on the same terms as other people of equal intelligence. It is this one race which, in one part of this one country, is selected out for absolute exclusion from every form of social intercourse which includes the breaking of bread together.

Yet even if the prejudice be unreasonable and illogical, it does exist, and exhibits itself almost as clearly in the North as in the South. It is somewhat akin to the feeling of social inequality between employers and domestic servants of every kind, but it has deeper roots; and it is of little use to criticise it, because there is not the slightest prospect of its eradication in several generations.

Inside of this contradiction of race prejudice with the religious and political tenets of America, there is another contradiction, which would be amusing if it were not fateful. Southern society, so proud, so exclusive, so efficient in protecting itself from the undesired, is in terror lest it should be found admitting the fearful curse of social equality; and there are plenty of Southern writers who insist that the negro shall be deprived of the use of public conveniences, of education, of a livelihood, lest he, the weak, the despised, force social equality upon the white race. What is social equality if not a mutual feeling in a community that each member is welcome to the social intercourse of the other? How is the negro to attain social equality so long as the white man refuses to invite him, or to be invited with him? It sounds like a joke.

It ceases to be comical, however, when the South insists that the North must join in protecting the South from hobnobbing with the negro, as evidenced to all the world by the cyclone of wrath raised by the invitation by President Roosevelt to Booker Washington to lunch with him at the family table, culminating in the open declaration of a Senator from South Carolina: "Now that Roosevelt has eaten with that nigger Washington, we shall have to kill a thousand niggers to get them back to their places." What sort of logic is this? The whole basis of the Southern treatment of

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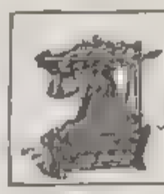

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the negro is that he is by nature hopelessly inferior, that he never can rise, that everybody with the slightest strain of negro blood is thereby naturally degraded; and then, on the other hand, that a courtesy by the President of the United States to the most eminent member of the negro race, conspicuous for the example of a noble character, and using all his influence against any political action or combination unfavorable to the whites—that such courtesy lifts the negro up to the hated equality. If the negro, or any member of the race, is the equal of the white man, no venomous attack upon the Chief Magistrate of the Nation can deprive him of that status; if he is not the equal, where is the danger?

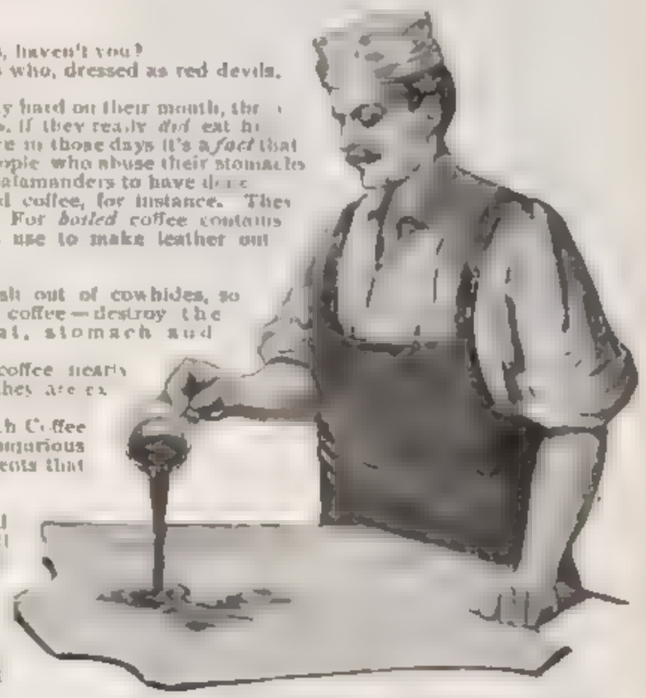
There is really the crucial point in the whole controversy. Has the negro the intellectual and moral power to raise himself out of his present inferiority into a position of equality of achievement with the white man? The South is a unit that the negro is inferior, but there is no unity of opinion as to the possibilities of the future. A publication which has had a considerable sale among the poor whites of late declares that the negro is a beast, and that the white man would be justified in killing him off like a colony of monkeys. Thomas Nelson Page says that the negro "has indeed in the main behaved well" and that "he may individually attain a fair, and, in uncommon instances, a considerable degree of mental development." There is no doubt that the best friends of the negro are much disappointed by the paucity of result from his education since the Civil War, and numerous threats are heard to cut off the negro schools from support by general taxation. The South is not the first community to learn that ability to read and write does not necessarily mean uprightness, but nobody who knows the condition of the Southern rural schools, and especially of the negro schools, can suppose that the results so far prove very much either way. So long as the South finds itself able to spend only six millions a year on the education of about three million negro children, it is idle to argue from the intellectual results of negro education.

As to the capacity and conditions of the negro, the world is really very much in the dark, and the Southern people contribute astonishingly little of that first-hand and expert knowledge which they think they possess. Except some significant pamphlets by A. H. Stone, of Greenville, Mississippi, no Southern planter has described his own experience with his black laborers; few Southerners travel outside of the main highways, or know anything of the conditions, either of negroes or of poor whites, outside their own county; and, as Edgar S. Murphy points out, the white people know a great deal more about the bad negroes in their neighborhood than of what is passing in the minds of the quiet and industrious blacks. Northern people now, just as in slavery times, are rated for presuming to take interest in or express an opinion upon the negro question; but, unless they take an interest and investigate the subject on the ground, nobody is likely to have data for a sound judgment.

However, one thing is evident about the white opinion of the negroes—namely, that the South repeats, apparently with very little notion that a gun can both shoot and kick, the common argument of slavery times, the double-barreled statement that the negroes as a race are now much inferior to the whites, are steadily declining, are incapable of combined effort, and are probably doomed to die out; while at the same time it is a malicious and dangerous race, determined to establish domination over the whites, and to mix the blood of the two peoples, from which awful consequences it is restrained only by continuous threats and violence!

One would think that the easiest way of freeing the community from these fearful dangers would be to remove the negro race altogether, and ever since 1816 there has been a propaganda in favor of colonization, which springs up occasionally in such a suggestion as that made by Mr. Dixon in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, that "Liberia is capable of supporting every negro in America; . . . a gift of ten millions . . . would establish a community of half a million negroes in two years." Without dwelling on this magical power of twenty dollars a head, it is sufficient to quote Mr. Page, who says: "They never will be deported . . . the negroes have rights; many of them are

Boiled Coffee Turns Your Stomach Into Leather



YOU'VE heard of the Fire Eaters, haven't you?

The old-time Salamanders who, dressed as red devils, ate, drank and breathed fire?

That must have been pretty hard on their mouth, throat and stomach, don't you think—that is, if they really *did* eat fire.

But whether they did or not eat fire in those days it's a *fact* that *today* there are many thousands of people who abuse their stomachs almost as severely as we suppose the Salamanders to have done.

Take the people who drink boiled coffee, for instance. They are slowly *tanning* their stomachs! For *boiled* coffee contains the same biting acid that Tanners use to make leather out of cowhides.

[illegible] called *Tannin*.

And [illegible] as Tannin cures the flesh out of cowhides, so does it [illegible] in boiling coffee—destroy the tender mucous lining of the throat, stomach and intestines.

That's why drinkers of *boiled* coffee nearly always suffer from dyspepsia—why they are extremely nervous and irritable.

Now isn't there some way in which Coffee can be [illegible] that will eliminate the injurious [illegible] yet retain the Good Elements that are [illegible]?

Yes there is a way to do this.

For the Tannin, being stored entirely in the woody outside shell of the coffee bean—nothing but *boiling water* can release it, because the woody shell is only affected by boiling [illegible].

The [illegible] parts of Coffee are all in the soft [illegible] and water can [illegible] before it has reached the boiling point.

Thus, any means of making Coffee which does not require *boiling* water will give you coffee containing *all* the nutritive and healthful elements of the bean without any of the dangerous cowhide Tanning Acid.

Now you use boiled water with ordinary coffee makers—and thus you get the Tannin which injures your stomach, makes you nervous, and hurts your heart's action—in them all.

But there is a way—*one way only*—of getting rid of the Bad in Coffee and obtaining only the Good, and that's by using the

"Universal" Coffee Percolator

We can tell you best how the Universal Percolator makes Coffee without boiling by simply describing its process.

First of all, place the ground coffee in the cup at the top of the Percolator.

Then put cold water in the Pot beneath.

Do you see that tube which extends from the bottom of the Pot to the top of the Cup?

When you place this tube in the pot the tube [illegible] fills with water. There is also a little bubble of water in the base below the valve at the lower end of the tube. When you apply heat to the metal disc at the bottom of the Pot the bubble of water turns into steam in a second's time.

The steam thus formed in the [illegible] valve forces the column of cold water in the tube into the coffee grounds in the cup at the top. By an automatic arrangement this process keeps repeating itself.

The water that has been forced into cup [illegible] down through the ground Coffee into the [illegible].

At the end of only 12 minutes your Coffee is fully made—the beverage being at a temperature of 180 degrees.

Quite *hot* enough to suit any coffee drinker, rich in the healthful and nutritious elements of coffee, but containing no Tannin, for water *must* be at a temperature of 210 degrees (Boiling Heat) to be able to extract the Tannin from the hard, woody fibrous shell.

And since the water hasn't boiled, no steam is given off—none of the strength and freshness of coffee has been lost.

And you don't need any eggs with the Universal Percolator. The coffee comes out a deep rich amber color—beautifully clear.

[illegible] only by using the Universal [illegible] Percolator you get *all* the healthful brain-bracing elements of coffee [illegible] of the injurious element [illegible] that makes you nervous and irritable and dyspeptic.

Now, do you see, Mr. Coffee Drinker, just why it is wrong to *Boil* coffee? Do you see that every time you do boil Coffee you put that leather making Tannin into your stomach to create all kinds of digestive disturbances, and to wreck your nerves?

And do you know, by making Coffee with [illegible] Percolator, you get all the delicious, mellow, creamy taste and all the nutritive and healthful [illegible] without any of [illegible]?

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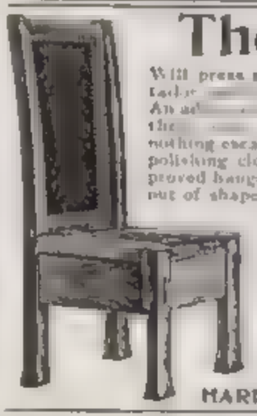

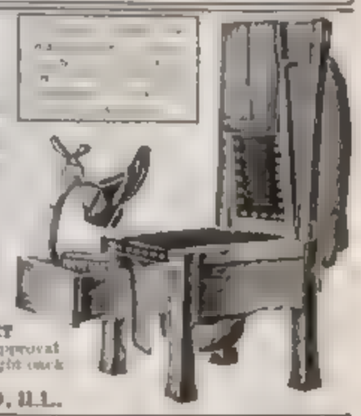

Will press and crease [illegible] trousers over night as well as the tailor [illegible] than to hang them. And [illegible] the [illegible] nothing escape [illegible] polishing cloths [illegible] right handy, but out of the way. [illegible] proved hanger [illegible] so that it can't get wrinkled [illegible] out of shape—it [illegible] your Hat and Shoes. It saves [illegible] time, [illegible] money.

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AS A BREATH INTO THE WIND

Continued from Page 5

estimable citizens; and even the great body of them, when well regulated, are valuable laborers." This last opinion seems to be shared by the farmers and the legislatures of the Southern States, who instantly interpose whenever any effort is made to take any considerable number of negroes even from one State into another.

One would think that the most obvious and elemental remedy is that the negro should improve, and should show that it is not his purpose to attack or destroy white civilization. That is precisely the doctrine of Booker Washington, and the purpose of Tuskegee and Hampton and all the other institutions for the higher training of the negro in the South. Many white people have doubted whether the remedy could be applied on a sufficient scale, and whether the race could respond, but the thing itself seems absolutely desirable. Now comes Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, to assail this method. "Mr. Washington," says he, "is training the negroes to be masters of men, to be independent. . . . If there is one thing a Southern white man cannot endure it is an educated negro." In so far as Mr. Dixon is authoritative—and he appears to be accepted as spokesman by a considerable number of Southern people—he is simply going back to the real basis for slavery, namely, that the colored race exists to contribute to the comfort and ease of the white man. Mr. Dixon's argument is just as good against the poor whites as against the negro; it is just as good against the Russian Jew or the Hungarian laborer.

Here we come straight back to the fun of the negro question, to the delicious discrepancy of the two sides of the argument: the poor negro, inferior, weak, helpless, "half child, half animal, the sport of impulse, . . . pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," is about to compete with the white man, "take the bread from his mouth . . . and place a mortgage on his house"; the negro who cannot support himself, is, by industrial competition, to drive the white man to desperation!

Under this doctrine, for the negro there remains only the alternative suggested by a preacher of his own race: "My brotherin, here is two roads befo' you; which will you choose? One of 'em leads to perdition, and de udder to everlastin' damnation." If the negro shows capacity to support himself, to manage his own affairs, to think and plan, to calculate, to be a full man, to become a consumer, to benefit his country by improving his own condition, then the white man, says Mr. Dixon, apparently with approval, will simply "kill him."

There is a negro question, the gravity which has hardly been touched in this article. There is doubtless misunderstanding in the North, there is often rancor in the South; but the question is not going to be solved now, or in the future, by killing off one of the parties to the conflict, nor by arguments and remedies which fail to agree with each other, with the American system of free government, or the world's experience of human nature.

pictures of the troops unloading on the coast of Cuba; pictures of the big warships sailing by; pictures of Dewey's flagship coming up the Hudson to its glory; pictures of the Spanish ships lying crushed in Manila harbor.

Larmy and the reporter were sitting kicking their heels on the stone steps of the post-office opposite the screen on which the pictures were flickering. Some they saw and others they did not notice, for their talk was of David and of the strange things he had showed to them.

"How did you ever fix it up in your mind?" asked Larmy.

"I didn't fix it up. He was too many for me," was the reporter's answer.

"The little rooster couldn't have faked it up?" questioned Larmy.

"No—but he might have hypnotized us—or something."

"Yes—but still, he might have been hypnotized by something himself," suggested Larmy, and then added: "That thing he did with the linotype—say, wasn't that about the limit? And yet nothing has

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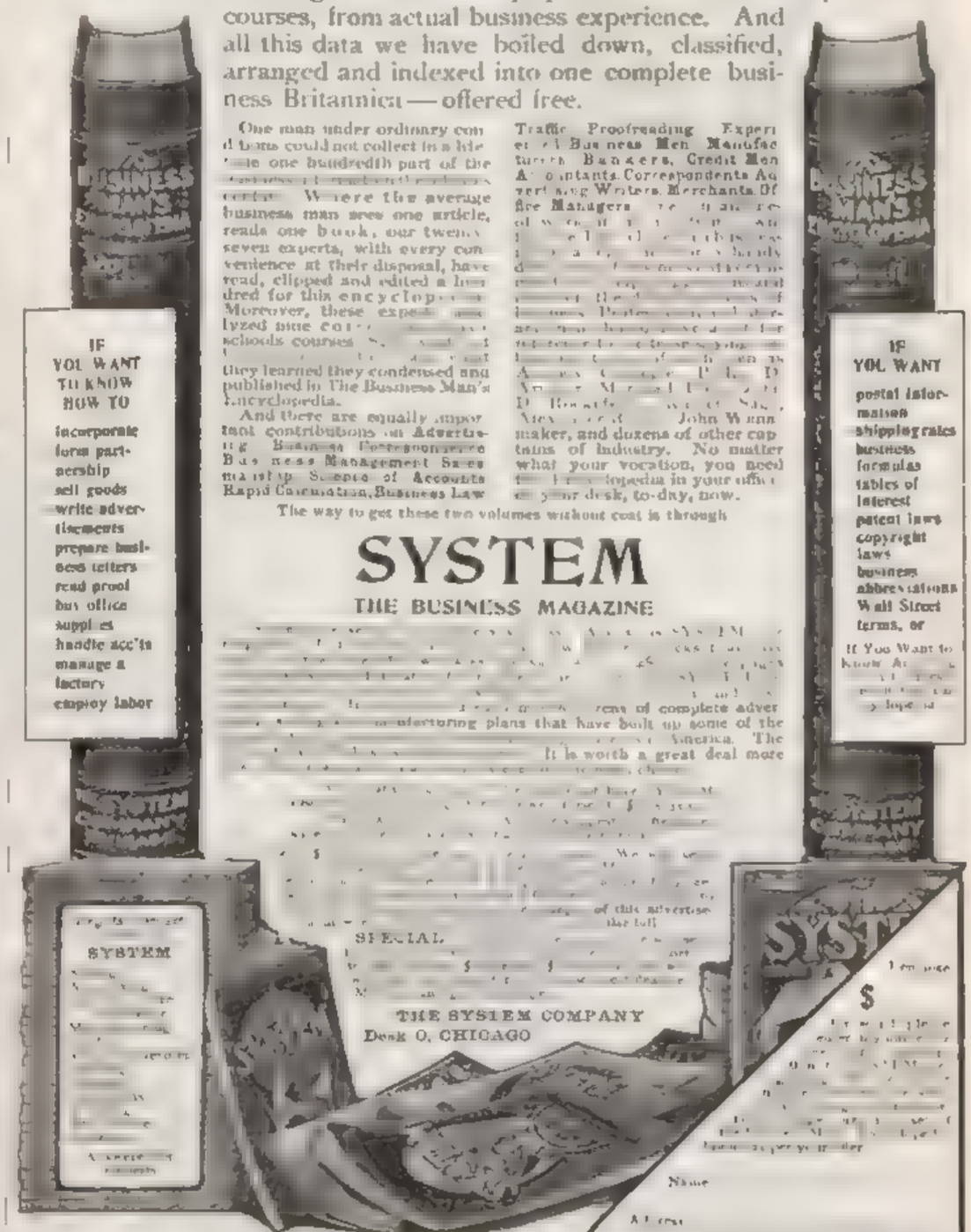

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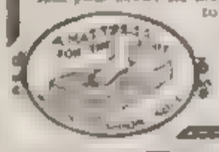

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come of that prophecy. That's the trouble. I've seen dozens of those things, and they always just come up to the edge of proving themselves, but always jump back. There is always ——"

"My God, Larmy, look—look!" cried the reporter.

And the two men looked at the screen before them, just as the backward sway of the crowd had ceased and horror was finding a gasping voice upon the lips of the women; for there, walking as naturally as life, out of the background of the picture, came David Lewis, with his dark sleeves rolled up, his peaked army hat on the back of his head, a bucket in his hand, and as he stopped and grinned at the crowd—between the lightning-flashes of the kinetoscope—they could see him wave his free hand. He stood there while a laugh covered his features, and he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a key-ring, which he waved, holding it by some long, stemlike instrument. Then he snapped back into nothing.

And the operator of the machine, being in a hurry to catch the ten-thirty train, went on with his picture-show, and gave us President McKinley and Mark Hanna sitting on the front steps of the home in Canton, and then followed the photograph of the party around the big table signing the treaty of peace. As the crowd loosened and dissolved, Larmy and the reporter stood silently waiting. Then, when they could get away together, the reporter said:

"Come—let's go over to the shop and think about this thing."

When they opened the office door the rank odor of the machinery came to them with sickening force. They left the front door open and raised the windows. The reporter began using a chisel on the top of a little box, with a Government frank on it, that sat upon the music box in the corner.

"We may as well see what David sent home," he grunted, as he jerked at the stubborn nails. "Anyway, I've got a theory."

Larmy was smoking hard. "Yes," he replied after a time; "we might as well open it now as any time. The letter said all his things would be found there. I guess he didn't have a great deal. Poor little devil, there was no one much to get things for—but you fellows and, maybe, me—if he thought of us."

By this time the box was opened, and the reporter was scooping things out on the floor. There was an army uniform that had something clinky in the pockets, and wrapped in a magenta silk handkerchief was a carved piece of ivory. In a camera plate-box was a rose, faded and crumbly, a chip-diamond ring, a bangle bracelet, a woman's glove and a photograph. These Larmy looked at as he smoked. They meant nothing to him, but the reporter dived into the clothes for the clinky things. He came up with a bunch of keys, and on it was the long brass lever which unlocked the music in the box.

"Here," he said as he jingled the keys, "is the last link in our chain." And he rose and went over to the box, uncovered it, and jabbed in the lever with a nervous hand. There was a rolling and clinking inside, and then, slowly, a harmony rose, and the tinkling that came from the box resolved itself into a melody that filled the room. It was strong and clear and powerful, and seemed to have a certain passion in it that may have been struck like flint-fire from the time and the place and the spirit of the occasion. The two men stared dumbly as they listened. The sound rose stronger and stronger; over and over again the song repeated itself, then very gently its strength began to fail, and finally it sank into a ghostly tinkle that still carried the melody till it faded into silence.

"That," said the reporter, "is the song that was in his heart—Love's Golden Dream. I'm satisfied."

"The last link," shuddered Larmy. "That which seemed corporeal has melted 'as a breath into the wind.'"

The reporter shoveled the débris into the box, pushed it under a desk, and the two men hurried to close the office. As they stood on the threshold a moment, while the reporter clicked the key in the lock, a paper rustled and they heard a mouse scamper across the floor inside the empty room.

"Let's go home," shivered Larmy. They started north, which was the short way home, but Larmy took hold of his companion's arm and said: "No, let's go this way: there's an electric light here on the corner, and it's dark down there."

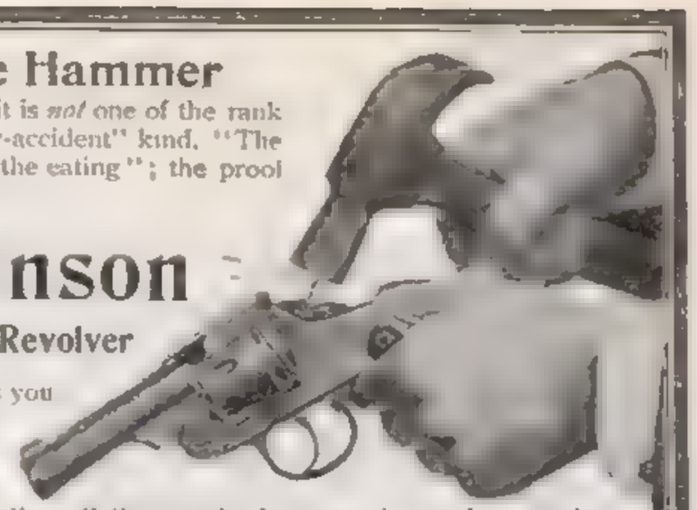
And so they turned into the white, sputtering glare and walked on without words.

Hammer the Hammer

and convince yourself that it is *not* one of the rank and file of the "went-off-by-accident" kind. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating"; the proof in this case *is in the trying*

Iver Johnson

Safety Automatic Revolver



cannot be discharged unless you pull the trigger. It is so constructed that the hammer cannot possibly come in contact with the firing pin unless the trigger is *pulled all the way back*—true of no other revolver.

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You remember how it was yourself when you were a child—how [illegible] big brother, or perhaps grandpa, made you a "lovely" little wagon out of a soap box and a plank and two old wheels—may be it had four wheels. Anyway, you'll never forget how happy that little wagon made you.

[illegible] front and [illegible] market. It [illegible] ironed and braced, with [illegible] spokes, hub bands and [illegible] pole if desired; handsomely [illegible] out. Call on your Studebaker [illegible] agent [illegible] dozen.

Price $10.00

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P. S.—Any first class Toy Dealer will order one for you, if you so desire

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Catalog F

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PLAYER FOLK

Not Mansfield's Best Line

THE peculiarities of Richard Mansfield's temperament make him little disposed to appear in society, and he holds aloof even from such actors' clubs as The Players and The Lambs; but to the few who know him he is, when he wishes to be, the liveliest of fun. During his annual New York season, Mrs. Mansfield (who as Beatrice Cameron used to be his leading lady) holds regular "evenings" in their beautiful house, far up on the Riverside Drive, at which Mansfield is often present. He seldom appears at his best until the hour becomes wee and small, and the company dwindles to a knot of intimates. Then, with a little persuasion, he will sit down at the piano and ramble on, playing, singing and talking in the manner of his Prince Karl of long ago, his face, still round and boyish, wreathed in smiles.

On one occasion he was giving a series of parodies of Parisian melodrama—the dark, ironic villain, the demonstrative hero, the tender heroine, the forsaken mother and her child. The words of the songs that he improvised were French, and the chords with which he accompanied them were wonderfully reminiscent of popular Gallic sentiment.

"Bravo!" exclaimed one of his hearers. "What a *furore* you would create in Paris!"

It may be that the remark recalled to Mansfield the failure of his attempts to win recognition abroad as a tragedian. His face clouded, and became on the instant long and austere. "You know—don't you?" he said, quitting the piano, "this isn't my best line."

Among Mansfield's oldest and nearest friends is Marguerite Hall, the singer, whose mother generously befriended him in the lean years of his youth. One evening Miss Hall gave a supper for him, superintending the cooking herself. With her two sisters, Gertrude Hall, the poet, and Grace Hall, the naturalist, she received in cap and apron. When Mansfield's leading man, Arthur Forrest, arrived he did not recognize his hostesses, and stood for a moment dumfounded. Mansfield arrived later. His quick eye took in the situation at a glance. He gave his hat to Miss Marguerite, his coat to Miss Gertrude and his stick to Miss Grace. Then, marching solemnly into the kitchen, he ceremoniously shook hands with the astounded maid.

Richard Grown Mellow

RECENT years have wrought a change in Mansfield's public deportment. It is a long time since he has rushed before the curtain to slang his audience for its stupidity, and he no longer delights to abuse the critics for their manifold sins. Even his stage mannerisms have softened almost to the vanishing point. The result is that he has become generally recognized for what he has long been—the foremost American actor of the present generation, and, in the imaginative force and temperamental vitality of his genius, the foremost actor of the English-speaking stage. He is making a conscious and very intelligent effort, moreover, to bring his repertory of plays up to the level of his great powers. Last year he produced Molière's masterpiece, The Misanthrope, and this year he is to produce Schiller's Don Carlos. If the plan of establishing a classical repertory theatre ever matures, he will be the logical choice for its leading actor.

A Little Weberfieldism

AS LONG as Weber and Fields remained partners there were persistent rumors that they were about to separate, and some of the stuffs to which they were reduced to convince the public of their continued amity were funnier than the things they did on the stage. Fellow-comedians seem to feel that it is good business to have the reputation of being friendless. Whereas, of course, the popularity of the device of actors wholly unrelated linking themselves as "brothers" and "sisters." On one occasion, when more than the usual animosity existed between the Yiddish comedians they spent the whole of a morning together on the boardwalk, stand on the corner near their theatre having their

Table Jewelry Richer and Cheaper than Silver

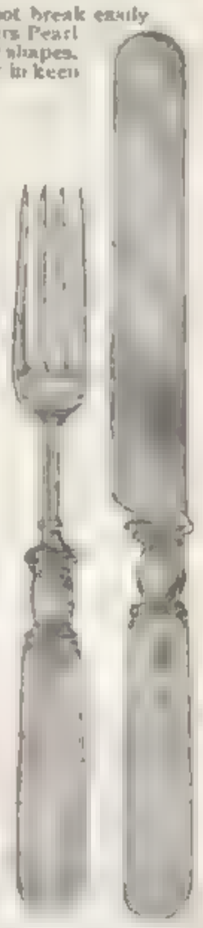
SUPPOSE you had your choice of a solid gold ring or a beautiful pearl ring—

Which would you take?
Why, the pearl, of course!
Because it's more valuable?
No, not only because of its value, but because it's more beautiful, too.

* * *

Now, even if the pearl costs less than the solid gold ring, you would still take the pearl [illegible] you?
Well, in table "Jewelry" it's just that way.
The more beautiful pearl handle knives and forks cost less than solid silver.
And all the spoons must be silver, so pearl handle knives and forks sold the [illegible] rings—the touch of color—the variety. Then [illegible] and require no rubbing to keep them bright.
[illegible] Knives is carefully selected from solid pieces without the slightest suspicion of [illegible]
[illegible] Pearl Handle Knives [illegible] as flawless pearl does not break easily.
Just as you can get pearl rings in [illegible] Landers Pearl Handle Knives in many patterns of [illegible] any shapes.
You can get any of these patterns in heavily silver plated blades for [illegible], or in keen steel blades for cutting.
In no other knives can you find such beautiful patterns and such variety.
But there is one thing about

Landers Knives



that cannot even be imitated—that's the Ever-keen Landers Cutting Edge.
For there is only one Landers Process, and no one else knows the Landers [illegible] making ever-sharp Table Knives.
We all know that steel must be tempered or toughened before it will take a keen cutting edge.
And the idea that this temper, or toughness, of steel is all a matter of *luck* has been handed down to us by centuries of forefathers—let us tell you why.

* * *

There's a flashing of natural phosphorus in the air at night that scientists call by a Latin name which means "foolish fire."
Superstitious people called it the "will-o'-the-wisp," because, though frequently seen it could never be caught or explained.
There's a will-o'-the-wisp in steel that glows on its surface when it is being [illegible]
This steel will-o'-the-wisp is a constantly moving rainbow of colors caused by the action of heat on steel.
And *if* the steel-worker catches just a *certain shade* of purple he has the *one* degree of toughness for table knives.
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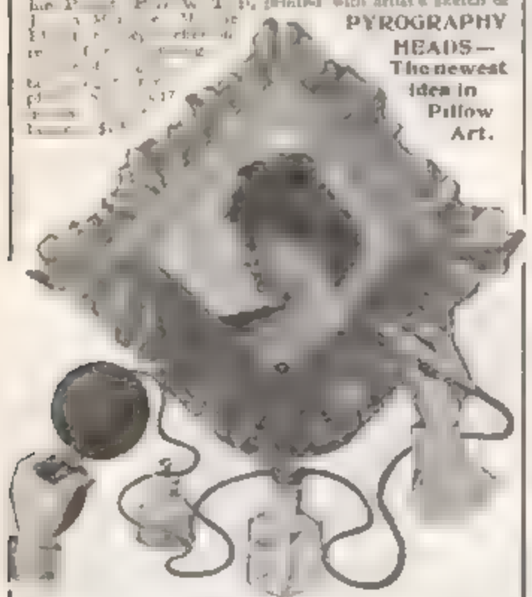

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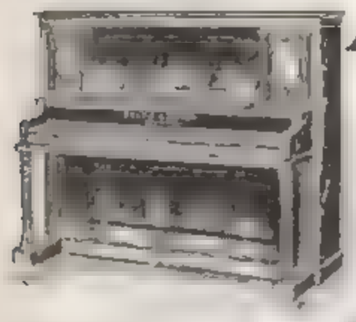

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leathers shined and reshined—the expense, they say, was ruinous—and feeding each other with peanuts from a neighboring stand. In telling the story—they tell it together—little Weber adds that he always did loathe peanuts; and Fields says that, if he wants to remember how he hates Weber, all he has to do is to buy five cents' worth.

After all, there is probably a strain of lifelong affection between the two which even business differences and the jealousies of their women-folk cannot quite down. Only a few days after their separation they appeared together in a "gambol" at The Lambs in the "turn" in which they first appeared as boys in a Bowery music-hall. That was before the day of the Yid on the stage. The reigning character was still the Irishman. They appeared on the club stage in green satin tights, red whiskers and carrying shillalahs. The old song began, "I am an Irish lad!" As often as the words occurred the two raised their hands in concert to cover their noses, amid the shrieks of the gamboling Lambs.

Now that the two seem forever parted there are as persistent rumors that they are about to unite. Their success, it appears, has not been so great as of old. Not much hope, however, is to be derived from the recent report that Weber has offered Fields his old place at a salary of a thousand dollars a week. This is the sum which Fields paid to his leading lady, Marie Cahill, and it did not prove sufficient to retain her in good humor. If Weber actually did make the offer, it could hardly have been accepted as anything short of an insult. In point of fact, Fields seems to be the more successful of the two. He had the shrewdness to strike out on an entirely new line, making his chief assistant a woman. Weber stuck to the old idea of a pair of comedians doing sidewalk conversation, with the result that the absence of Fields is never for a moment forgotten. Still, neither is as happy with t'other dear charmer away. It really looks as if the unanswerable logic of facts were bringing them together again.

The Players and the Critics

EDWIN BOOTH was among those who have had an aversion to social intercourse between actors and critics. He numbered many literary men among his friends; but when he founded The Players, perhaps the most delightful of all actors' clubs, he made known a wish that newspaper men should not be included among the members. It has since been a courtesy rule of the club that none of the members should write about living actors and playwrights.

Some years ago one of the members took charge of the department of criticism in a leading weekly. He tendered his resignation; but in doing so he expressed a regret that, at a time when he most needed to be brought into full sympathy with the American drama, he was obliged to cut loose from association with its leading exponents and its best traditions. Francis Wilson, who was one of the governors, warmly espoused his cause, and proposed that in his case the rule be suspended.

The deciding vote lay with Joseph Jefferson, then president of the club. Mr. Jefferson pointed out that the rule had first operated against William Winter, the dean of the critics, who had been a close personal friend of the founder. It was decided that the critic's resignation should not be accepted, but that his membership should go into abeyance while he continued to write about the drama.

There is excellent reason for Mr. Booth's preference in the matter. All artists are sensitive, and inclined to regard what they create as a part of themselves. But in the case of the actor, as Brander Matthews once remarked, the art is not so much a part of the artist as the very man. It is the sum-total of his voice, his features, his body and his bearing; and, never being able to look at it all from the outside, he may be pardoned if he is tardy in acknowledging its defects. Those who criticise the artist criticise also the man. In a life the essence of which is publicity, moreover, it is well to have one place where the actor may relax and (if he can) be himself.

Nevertheless, the American stage loses something by this separation of actor and critic. In other countries they have many common meeting-places; and it may be remarked that nowhere is criticism so unsympathetic and so remorselessly personal as in America.

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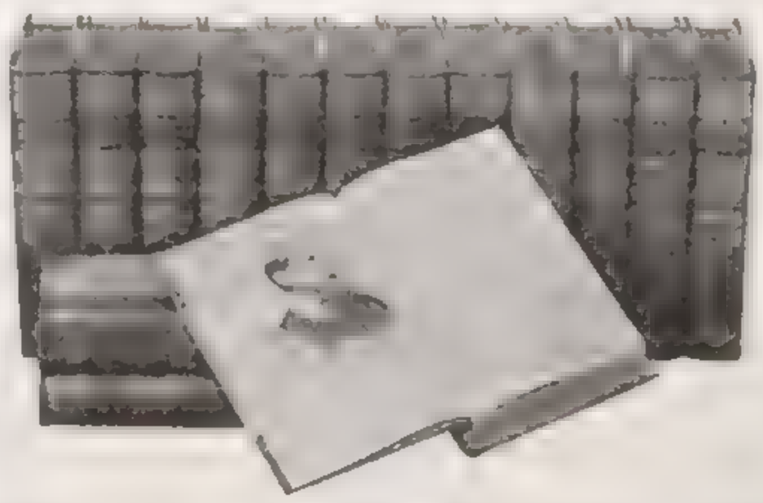

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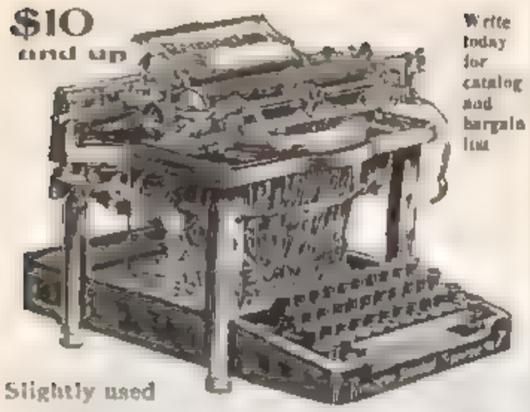

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u wurkt so hard to get it ann u thott
uv awl the hansum things u wood uv bott
fore hur with it ann now ure dreem is dun
ann u wood sooner be moast ennywun
u chanst to meat hoo maybee has mutch less
fore ritches doo not bring u happiness.

u neavur thott wenn u were saiven upp
the times u gott fore finden sum lost pupp
ur shucken corn ur meany uther things
that haven so mutch munney often brings
u onley dissuppointment ann u mite
ux well uv spent it ux u went with lite
ann happie hart. u mite ux well uv hadd
a duzen things with it to mak u gladd
fore now wenn u have saived it upp u find
thatt she is fals ann that ure luv was blind.

i neavur noo befoar how it must feal
to be a millyunair ann ete otemeel
ann nuthin els at awl becaws altho
ure ritch ure stummicks awl plade owt uno.
i thott a doller awl at wuns wood mak
us boath so happie wenn ide go ann talk
hur to the candy stoar ann prowdly say
hi wott u pleeze ive got the prize to pay.
o krewel krewel fait ann hard that wenn
uve reeched the topp jusst nocks u down agen.

—*J. W. Foley.*

ECHOES OF GREATNESS

(Continued from Page 7)

quite in the line of his duty, upon meeting a very distinguished, good and representative man of the black race, not to discriminate against him on account of his color, but to pay him the same compliment of official entertainment that the President pays to distinguished white men every day. Now, if Booker Washington had been an Indian nobody would have criticised it. The Presidents have been entertaining Indians from the time of Andrew Jackson. It does not mean anything but what, on the face of things, it appears to be: a public courtesy, a passing, insignificant public courtesy. To deny it would certainly be a pointed discrimination. All one can say is that he would have made the discrimination Grant it. Suppose he would have done so. Still, is it a thing of such vital importance that we must have an irreconcilable feud, prejudice and hatred against a gentleman, admirable in other respects, for having differed with us on so trivial a matter?

I confess frankly that I am a Southern man and I have race prejudices, and that it is altogether likely that if I had been in President Roosevelt's place I would no more have invited Booker Washington to lunch with me than others would have done. I confess it. It may be a weakness and a prejudice, but it is one I cannot control, any more than I can master other prejudices that control me. And any one is welcome to all the comfort he can get out of that confession!

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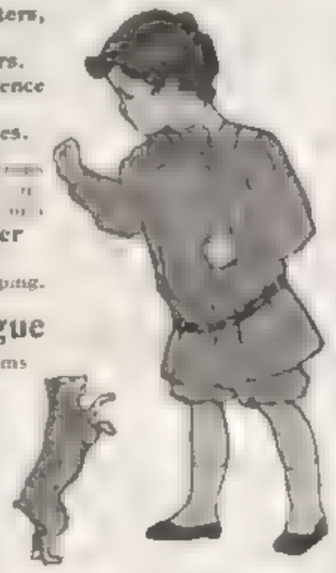

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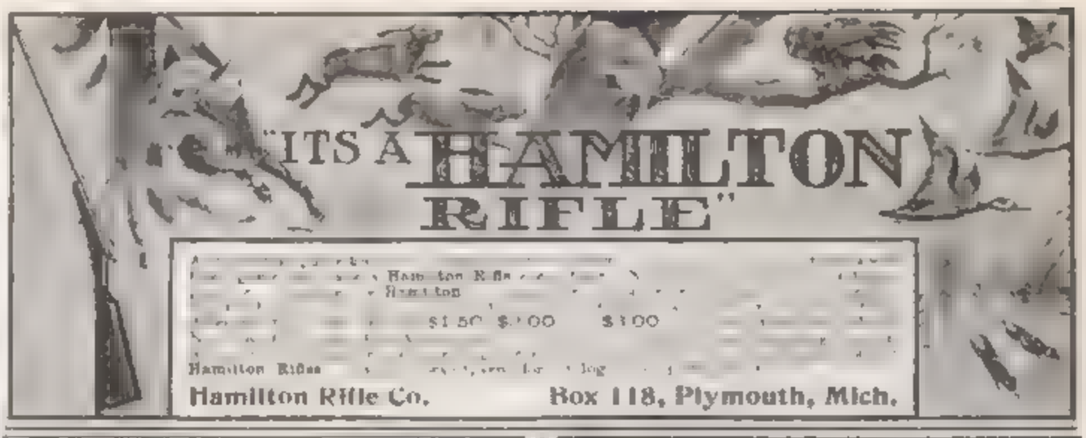
things not different in principle from those for which you have abused the President.

And whether these things have been done or not, how absurd it is to consider them as having any bearing whatever upon the great question of social equality! Nobody can fix a hard and fast rule for another whereby to judge him by a single act. Circumstances alter cases. And finally, is it not a reflection upon the intelligence of the Southern people that they permit themselves to be lashed into feverish excitement by so small an affair? Viewed simply from the standpoint of his personal popularity for the time being, President Roosevelt's act was unwise, and, as it was also unnecessary, it was impolitic from a political standpoint, for just at that time he undoubtedly had caught the eye of the South, and the Southern people were preparing to give him a support which, although it was qualified, was far more enthusiastic than they had accorded to any of his Republican predecessors, even to McKinley, who had made a decided impression on the Solid South. They were at heart ashamed of their support of Bryan and sick of Democratic broken promises. Roosevelt, half a Southerner himself, has many characteristics that captivate them. They like his books about hunting, and his hustling, open-air ways. They helped make up and are proud of his rough riders. They saw him playing into danger with the dash and the recklessness of a Southern cavalryman. They read his glorious tribute to Robert E. Lee. They believe he is honest and broad-minded himself and intends to be President of the whole Nation, frown on sectionalism and demand honesty and capacity from his appointees. Within my own knowledge, clubs were forming—in sections theretofore solid in opposition, composed of men who never before voted the Republican ticket—to be called Roosevelt Clubs—and organized upon the basis of non-partisan support of Roosevelt because of his high principles and broad policies. It was the entering wedge for breaking up the blighting insanity of their past subservient allegiance to anything bearing the name of Democracy. And the Southern Bourbon leaders were thoroughly alarmed about the movement. I was delighted at the prospect, and quietly worked like a beaver to bring about the result outlined above. But great results are ofttimes thwarted by very little things

I remember seeing a fine negro ball in a barn broken up, on a certain occasion, by the appearance of a very small polecat. He was roused from his winter resting-place by the furious dancing on the floor. Nobody expected him, but he came, and after he came the company departed. Not even the tempting odors of roast 'possum and country sausage could induce the dusky company to return to the feast. By the time the intruder was disposed of, the original purposes of the gathering were lost to sight amid the lingering perfumes of the unexpected guest. I need hardly point the moral of this story.

If the President had ever taken me into his confidence I would not now venture to say that I am confident he has many times realized that the episode was unfortunate; but he has had the good sense not to make any admission about it. Roosevelt can fall down and get up again, and then go faster than the average man who never stumbles.

The President is charged with having one fault that many men regard as a virtue—to wit, a partiality for his friends and an overestimate of their abilities. The instance generally cited is his promotion of Leonard Wood. But that has two sides to it. It may be conceded that General Wood is not a man of such preëminent worth and capacity that, without the partiality of the appointing power, he would have been promoted as he was. It may likewise be conceded that his promotion over the heads of many other deserving men was a hardship upon them and was inconsiderate of their fair expectations. But the first promotion of Wood was by Mr. McKinley, whose family physician he was. When the question came to Roosevelt it was not one of first impression. Let any man who is disposed to blame Roosevelt for what he did consider the President's relation to Wood. To have refused to do what he did would have been worse than doing nothing. Let any man who knows the bond and the power of old army friendship consider this before he blames Roosevelt. If he is partial to old friends it is a venial weakness. Many a politician has been wrecked by ingratitude, but few have been punished for loyalty to friends



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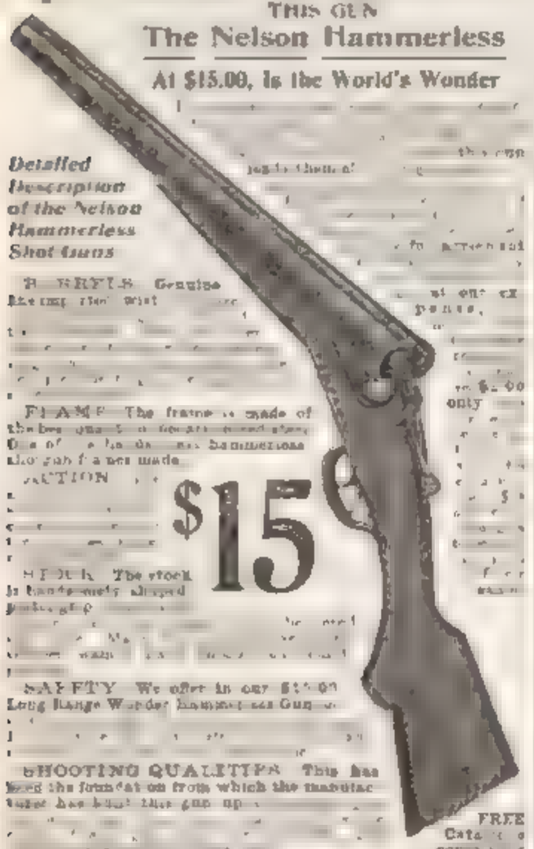

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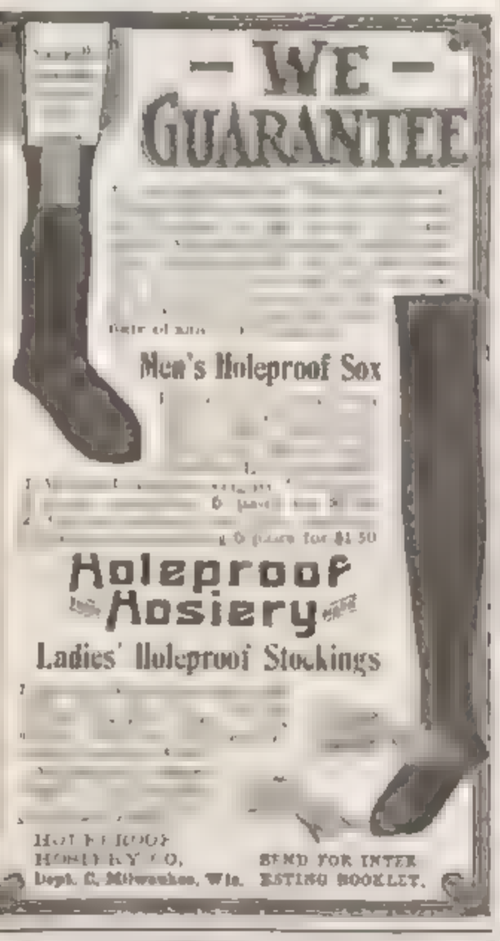

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President Roosevelt has, in my opinion, one grave defect: a defect which may not weaken his personal strength—because he has declared that he will not be a candidate for reelection—but which tends to the injury of the party that he ought to protect and try to strengthen. He admits to his counsels, and is advised by and apparently sometimes follows the advice of, men who are not Republicans or even representatives of any political ideas. It is a mistake on his part to think that because they are congenial socially, or intelligent, or have other tastes in common with him, he ought to invite the views of such men, or, at any rate, be guided by their views, on political questions.

God has made Mr. Roosevelt an extraordinary man, with views far more catholic, perhaps, than those of his party or his supporters. But he is not likely to meet many other men whose views are as enlarged as his own, or whose opinions are apt to be as valuable. He cannot hope to build up a new party with them, and, as he cannot, he must be content with having his own party as large and broad as he can make it with the material it contains.

That he is possessed of a strong, powerful intellect; a virility which as yet feels no decline, and an ambition that aspires to all that is honorably possible; an honesty that endears him to his countrymen—this is admitted by every one. Yet sometimes the action of President Roosevelt upon newly-arisen issues has been so sudden, so decisive, so radical, that members of his own party have been startled and even irritated at his apparent impulsiveness. A notable instance of this was his almost immediate recognition of the Panama Revolutionary Government. In that case it did, at first blush, seem as if he was too impetuous. But, when the public came to understand the whole situation, I think it unanimously agreed that the President's action was fully justified, and that his celerity obviated a number of embarrassing and perhaps expensive complications which would have arisen under a less decisive course. As it has turned out, the American people have attained their great object, an Isthmian Canal, in the time which would, under a less virile Executive, have been consumed in wrangling over preliminaries

The talk about Roosevelt's imperialistic tendencies is mere rival party babble of discontent. It is the same that people indulged in concerning Andrew Jackson and Lincoln and Grant. Some of it springs from the eternal jealousy of the opposition some of it from timid natures who are always alarmed at the way in which bold natures accomplish things by direct, aggressive means. But there never was a more thoroughpaced democrat than Roosevelt. The secret of his strength with the people is that he is so democratic and such a believer in popular rights. No man in America would be more fierce or aggressive than Roosevelt against an attempt by anybody upon popular liberty. But he believes that popular liberty is not synonymous with delay and doubt and endless quibbling, and that the people's servants ought to do the people's will promptly and thoroughly, and not crawl up to and wriggle around and climb over, or scratch under, new questions which arise and must arise in every government like ours. I repeat that Roosevelt's fearlessness in grappling with and disposing of new questions, and relying upon the people to indorse him, instead of keeping such questions sore until they fester, is the great secret of his popular strength, and the masses have faith unshaken in his true American democratic instincts and purposes.

No man has ever left the Presidential chair so young as he will be, and still so full of the thirst for life's activities, when his term ends. It is food for curious speculation to endeavor to forecast his future.

Nothing political remains to be achieved by him. What else will he attempt? Nobody knows. But in America there is always room for everybody to do or to attempt.

Knowing Roosevelt well; having studied him, and his, having often been [illegible] startled and sometimes irritated by him, yet respecting him always and having faith in his true democracy; finally admiring him sincerely and being deeply attached to him for his fidelity and fearlessness, my feeling for him is as near to love as one man should have for another, and my faith in his future is unbounded, because I know he is that "noblest work of God"—an honest man.

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THE CROOKED TRAIL

(Continued from Page 11)

He saw Eugene glance at the words penciled on the envelope, and tear it open and draw out several sheets of paper, neatly written over. The first that came to his hand was that one which Mr. Voss had put in at the hotel. He glanced at that, and sprang up.

"Where did you get this? Where is he?" he cried to Jane.

"He gave it to me at the corner of Clark Street and North Avenue. I came back as fast as I could," she replied.

Eugene looked up at the clock; put his hand on the telephone; stopped, considering; finally sat down with his eyes fixed on the penciled paper.

"I think it will be well," he said slowly, "if the others wait outside a few minutes. Here is something that needs attention."

"Well," said Peter, grumpy and puzzled. The detective and his prisoners retired, followed by Jane.

Eugene took up the other sheets and read them slowly, in perfect silence. Then he carefully folded them, put them back in the envelope and held that in his hands, staring before him.

Mr. Peter moved impatiently.

"Mr. Voss," said Eugene, under his breath and without looking up, "is an embezzler from the bank to the extent of one million eight hundred thousand dollars."

Mr. Peter merely dropped his hand from his mustache. Otherwise neither he nor Mr. Slocum stirred.

"It began," Eugene went on, slow and low, as though he were trying to repeat a lesson that taxed his memory, "when Sanderson, his brother-in-law, was promoting Suburban Trolleys and two banks suddenly called his loans for nearly four hundred thousand dollars. Pendleton wanted to scoop the property in. Sanderson thought he was on the point of selling out to a Philadelphia syndicate at a fair price—only a matter of a week. So Voss gave him the money to pay the loans and save his property—and covered it up in the foreign exchange account. That was the first. It kept right on. The syndicate backed out. The city required the company to do a lot of paving. Some extensions had to be built, or the franchise would be forfeited. And so on and so on—always more money to carry the enterprise along to a point where it could be sold so as to get the money back. It killed Sanderson. He died last summer, you know. Voss was his executor, and he kept on. He thought he might sell Suburban Trolleys to Pendleton and so work out. Pendleton led him on. Peter can tell about that. So he has taken a million eight hundred thousand dollars. The details of it are all set forth here. Ettelson discovered there was something wrong in the foreign exchange account and went to Voss about it. Voss told him never to mind that—and if he wanted to make a lot of money all he had to do was to buy Suburban Trolleys. Billy had been speculating already and lost money. So he pitched in. He was dragged down, and Hal went with him. That's the story." The lawyer paused.

Mr. Peter seemed afraid to move—as though something would come tumbling on his head. But he spoke—very low and almost tremulously: "Where is he? Where is Voss?"

Eugene merely looked at him and the director's eyes fell.

"It is Voss' idea," the lawyer continued dully, "that if he makes such reparation as lies within his power Ettelson and Margrave should go free. He makes me his attorney in that behalf."

Mr. Slocum came over to the desk. Mr. Peter also took a chair there quietly.

"The Suburban Trolleys property is valuable," the lawyer continued. "A great part of the bank's money can be got back out of it if it is handled carefully—and quietly. The Sanderson estate securities are in shape to be turned over. If Pendleton knew the real situation the case would be different."

Mr. Peter nodded. He had the highest respect for Pendleton's business ability.

Eugene lifted the envelope in his hand and added very calmly: "Here is your bank, Mr. Peter. Word of this outside—a sensation in the newspapers—the story of an enormous defalcation, would mean a run and a scandal that you'd never get over.

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You might as well close your doors. It would mean, also, Pendleton jumping on Suburban Trolleys."

He paused. Peter waited a moment for him to say more, then burst out impatiently:

"Well, I see that, don't I? I'm not an idiot, am I? What do you want? What's your price for keeping your mouth shut until I can get the decks cleared? Name your price!"

"My price," said Eugene, "is the liberty of those two men out there."

Peter stared at him incredulously. "Is that all?" he asked suspiciously.

"All? Why, of course," the lawyer replied "Self-interest will make you keep Voss' secret. Will you let these men go free?"

"Go free!" Mr. Peter exclaimed. "Why, Great Scott, I'll give 'em a certificate of good moral character! I'll give 'em a halo apiece! What the devil do you suppose I care about those two tuppenny little thieves now? What do they amount to when it's a question of life or death for the bank? I said I stood for the bank first, last and all the time, didn't I? You keep your mouth shut and those little scallawags can ride up and down the street in a band wagon if they want to. You must be a fool to suppose they cut any ice now."

Eugene arose. "It's settled then," he said. He paused a moment. "I wish it were left to me to smash your rotten bank, as it ought to be smashed, and to smash you, too. But it isn't. So I suppose you will go on, and the bank will go on, just as before."

"You bet your life it will go on," said Mr. Peter and nodded energetically. "That's what I'm here for. I'll get some of the directors and we'll raise this million eight hundred thousand in three days and take over Suburban Trolleys ourselves. The bank will be as sound as ever it was. And if Pendleton wants Suburban Trolleys he'll walk up to the captain's office and pay the right price."

His eyes shone with energy. "In three days it will be as though this hadn't happened at all."

Eugene tossed the envelope on the table. "It will not be as though it hadn't happened to one man," he said.

Peter glanced away and Mr. Slocum moved in his chair. There was a question neither cared to ask.

"Well, it's settled, anyhow," said the director gruffly. "Take your little thieves and clear out with them."

He stepped to the door, beckoned to the detective and spoke to him apart. The man went over casually and unlocked the handcuffs.

"It's all off. You're free," he said with perfect good-nature, as Eugene came out.

The lawyer put a hand on the shoulder of each. "I needn't say anything to you," he said. "You know what you have suffered—and why. You are free now. No thanks to me. It was considered better business to let you go."

Margrave turned slowly to Ettelson, as though for guidance.

"We will go home, Hal," Billy whispered.

Eugene and Jane followed them from the bank, she clinging to his arm, athrill with wonder.

"We'll take a cab," he said, and he told her nothing until they were together in the vehicle.

"I can tell you—alone—nobody else in the world," he began—and told her enough so that she would understand why the fugitives had been pardoned.

But the recital in the cab was as incomplete as it had been in the bank. There remained the question that nobody cared to ask. For some moments Jane did not ask it, but stared ahead through the cab-window. Then she turned to her husband.

"I have loved him all my life, 'Gene," she murmured. "I love him with all my heart now. I think he knows that—and would wish me to know at once. Where is Mr. Voss?"

He took her silently in his arms. "He paid as he could, dear. You know where he would be now. He wrote that it would seem an accident—a slip on the icy shore as he was walking home according to his habit—there would be no scandal."

(THE END)

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Remember that these drums are entirely different from any other artificial aid to hearing, and that the above features are strongly protected by patents and are found in no other drums except the WAY.

Write a frank statement of how you became deaf, how long your hearing has been defective and how much trouble you have with your ears. Mr. Way, who has been deaf himself, will be equally frank with you and will tell you whether or not the Way Ear Drums will help you. Address your letter personally to

GEO. P. WAY, 1015 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Ralston Health Talks

BY "THE MILLER"

"I WANT to set you thinking about Life—about the Vital Spark in Food!

And I will take the Egg as an example of what I mean.

You know an Egg is just an undeveloped Chicken.

All the Yolk of Egg needs to make it live—is the mere heat of hatching.

It is therefore pretty near being Life itself.

That's why the Yolk of Egg is so powerful, as nourishment.

Now what makes the Yolk of Egg differ from a Loaf of White Bread in its degree of Life-principle and nutrition?

Well, the Yolk of Egg contains 65 per cent. of Phosphoric Acid.

And that great Authority—Buchner—says "WITHOUT PHOSPHORUS THERE IS NO THOUGHT." Think of that.

Now, there is practically no Phosphorus in White Bread and in many other staple foods.

But, the Yolk of an Egg is so rich in Phosphorus that it is almost alive.

* * *

Phosphorus, you know, is the weird chemical that makes the business end of a match glow, when you rub it, in the dark.

Drug Store Phosphorus will burst into flame if you merely touch it, unless it be kept in water.

It is a mysterious almost-alive stuff. But Drug Store Phosphorus is not in proper state for you or me to digest and absorb.

If it was we could all be intellectual Giants by just eating enough of it.

The Phosphorus, to nourish Brain and Nerve, must therefore come to us in Food form, not in Medicine form. And most of us need more than we get of it.

But wherever we find an Animal Food, or a Vegetable Food so full of Life, as the Yolk of Egg or the Heart of Wheat, there we find a surplus of suitable Phosphorus for us.

Now this Phosphorus (that makes the Yolk of an Egg turn into a living Chick by the mere heat of a brooding hen's body over it) is the same kind of Phosphorus that makes the Heart or "Germ" in a Grain of Wheat sprout into a living, growing plant, by the mere heat of the soil.

And that Phosphorus (which is so nearly alive in the Yolk of Egg, and in the Germ or "Heart" of Wheat), is the Life principle of a Food I want to tell you about today, viz.—Ralston Health Food, which is almost ready to turn into Human Nerve and Brain, when cooked five minutes and eaten.

* * *

"This Ralston Health Food contains, in its Ralston Processed Wheat-hearts or Seed Germs, the wonderful Human Phosphorus, converted into readiest form, for easy digestion and quick absorption.

You have never known any other Cereal food that contained the Life-principle of Wheat in the same way as the Yolk contains the Life-principle of Egg. Have you?

Because the invention of the Ralston Health Process was necessary to preserve and develop this Heart or Germ of Wheat so it could be commercially handled and reach you in its most nourishing form.

And the difference in Nerve-nourishment between Ralston Health Food, and most other Cereal Foods is just like the difference between the abounding Nervous Strength, Activity and Courage of the pacing Tiger, contrasted with that of the placid Cow of equal weight, lying lazily on the grass she fed from.

That splendid Nerve-strength, and Nerve-activity, of Phosphoric "Wheat-Germ" is what Americans need most today. And, it is what they can get from Ralston Health Food in liberal supply when they persist in eating it daily.

"Its low cost will surprise you, I am sure: A Ten Cent package of this Ralston Health Food expands into Seven pounds of "Ready-to-eat" Cereal when you cook it five minutes. Observe seven pounds for 10 cents.

(That's where the life-principle shows some of its expansive activity and its economy.)

A Fifteen Cent package of Ralston Health Food grows into Fourteen pounds of nerve-nourishing Breakfast Cereal, when cooked.

That means about 100 dishes of Ready-to-eat Cereal for 15 cents.

And the flavor is delicious—a rich, creamy delight to the palate because of the fat, full-flavored, and glutinous wheat it is made from.

Now why don't you get a package of this Nerve-feeding Ralston Health Food today?

You'll find it works on the growth of growing Children as a gentle rain works on the growth of growing Wheat.

And tired, Nerve-worn people get new Nerve-strength and Thinking capacity from its vitalizing Heart of Wheat or Germ.

Observe that the cost of Ralston Health Food is only one-fifth of a cent per plateful, when cooked. Don't forget its name (when you ask your Grocer for it).

10 cents and 15 cents a package except in remote places."

Made by the Ralston Purina Mills, St. Louis, Mo., Portland, Ore., and Tillsonburg, Ontario (Canada).

This is the new 10-cent package.

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